Upsala College Library
East Orange, N. J.

THE NEW ALBEE HAROLD CLURMAN

THE NATION

OCTOBER 10, 1966 *35 cents*

THE AMBIVALENT SCHOLARS

MARX & SHAME
Socialism Today

HARVEY SWADOS

WEDGE OF DISSENT **The Democratic Rebels in Congress** **ROBERT G. SHERRILL**

FREEWAYS ABOVE **NATHAN SILVER**

SMOG BELOW **M. G. WURTELE**

Sherman Paul on William Carlos Williams

PAPER NEWSPAPI
UPSALA COLLEGE LIBRARY
EAST ORANGE
NEW JERSEY 07019

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

pomp and benefits

Benson, Minn.

DEAR SIRS: Having just lost a DFL primary race here in Minnesota (15,000 votes as against 40,000 for the incumbent) as an anti-Vietnamese war Congressional candidate, I am forced regretfully to agree with the editorial, "The Painless War" [*The Nation,* Sept. 19].

If Democratic Party liberals are the chief purveyors of the "war is good for prosperity" gambit, they are simply adhering to the pattern of politics which began with Teddy Roosevelt who linked "bomb-bast" and imperialism in foreign affairs with sterile reform rhetoric on the domestic scene. Indeed, ours is "The Century of Teddy Roosevelt," not that of the common man.

Theodore Roosevelt and Hubert Humphrey were cut from the same cloth, excepting that Teddy learned to ride a horse during his Dakota episode. An analogy also holds between Roosevelt and Bismarck, the Iron Chancellor who unified Germany under industrial autocracy while pioneering in the field of old-age insurance under prodding from the Socialists. But there is the disquieting knowledge that Bismarck's pomp and imperialism, coupled with fringe benefits for the populace, finally produced the rule of Adolf Hitler. *James M. Youngdale*

sitting it out

Franklin Park, Ill.

DEAR SIRS: Albert Parry in "Russia's Other Peace Movement" [*The Nation,* Aug. 22] seems not to understand just what is a peace movement.

A peace movement shows concern for the injustices created by war and works to end these injustices and end the war. The Russian students and others he refers to are not doing this, they are not doing anything. . . . Parry confuses this lack of concern, because it does not follow the Soviet Government line, with peace.

If they did follow the government line, they would then be working for peace—even if possibly for the wrong reason—because the U.S. position is so wrong. But to take no stand . . . is to permit injustice to continue and thus to work against peace. *Jerry DeMuth*

Twain's prayer

Rice, Minn.

DEAR SIRS: Whatever became of the "Pray for Peace" U.S. Postal Stamp cancellation program? Can it be that Johnson and his postmaster general, or whoever, became discouraged with the results the scheme was getting? If so, perhaps they could get new inspiration from the following war prayer dictated by Mark Twain:

> *O Lord our Father, our young patriots, idols of our hearts, go forth to battle—be Thou near them! With them—in spirit—we also go forth from the sweet peace of our beloved firesides to smite the foe. O Lord our God, help us to tear their soldiers to bloody shreds with our shells; help us to cover their smiling fields with the pale forms of their patriot dead; help us to drown the thunder of the guns with the shrieks of their wounded, writhing in pain; help us to lay waste their humble homes with a hurricane of fire; help us to turn them out roofless with their little children to wander unfriended the wastes of their desolated land in rags and hunger and thirst. . . . We ask it, in the spirit of love, of Him who is the Source of Love, and who is the ever-faithful refuge and friend of all that are sore beset and seek His aid with humble and contrite hearts. Amen.* *Stewart Graves*

EDITORIALS

If He Wants Peace . . .

A nod from President Johnson is all that would be required for United Nations Secretary-General U Thant to board a plane for Southeast Asia, to lead the war in Vietnam to the conference table. There is a great deal of evidence that he could achieve a peace that would protect both the honor and the legitimate interests of the United States.

Thant's three-point peace plan, combined with the longer vision of the future of Vietnam contained in documents arising out of the meeting last month in Phnom Penh between French President Charles de Gaulle and Prince Norodom Sihanouk, provide the clear framework for a peace settlement. Thant offers the road to negotiations; de Gaulle and Sihanouk suggested its objective: a neutral Indo-Chinese peninsula, in which there is even the possibility of a separate South Vietnam, if its people so prefer.

As an alternative to peace, the chief American delegate at the United Nations, Arthur J. Goldberg, last month opened a new "peace offensive." His speech to the General Assembly presented a burlesque of the Thant plan and, to the surprise of no one, was rejected immediately. Washington had decreed that there should be no boat rocking—at least until after the November elections. Meanwhile, President Johnson continues this "peace offensive" with his projected trip to Manila, pretending to see peace where none is to be found. After the elections, is there hope that the Administration will be willing to explore the clear UN road to "peace with honor"? Lyndon B. Johnson's record in office is not encouraging.

In the early autumn of 1964 Thant, on his own initiative, inquired of Hanoi through the Russians if Ho Chi Minh, with whom Thant has had good relations over the years, would be willing to authorize a meeting between his representatives and those of President Johnson to discuss the modalities of a peace conference. Hanoi accepted the offer almost immediately. Washington stalled for five months, then rejected it, the rejection being punctuated by the beginning of systematic bombing of North Vietnam.

Despite this disheartening experience, in July, 1965, Thant again asked Hanoi whether peace talks might still begin, if the United States would stop bombing. Hanoi said yes, but Washington rejected the offer.

Dismayed, but not yet utterly discouraged, Thant considered how an atmosphere might be established in which negotiations would be possible, even at this late date. After consultations that surely included new soundings in Hanoi, he devised his three-point peace plan. The first point was a cessation of bombing North Vietnam; not another pause, but an end. The second point was a de-escalation of the fighting in the south, including a halt in the build-up of forces on both sides—a silencing of the guns so far as possible, defensive actions where an end to the fighting could not be achieved. Finally, Thant proposed that the United States talk peace directly with the National Liberation Front in South Vietnam, as the French, despite misgivings, finally negotiated with the NLF in Algeria.

Thant's three-point peace plan so far has been met by silence in Washington, but Goldberg—after a losing battle

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

inside the State Department—managed to construct a mock-up of his own. In effect, he told the General Assembly that if the North Vietnamese would agree to stop sending reinforcements to fight in the south, the United States would stop bombing North Vietnam. It is difficult to imagine a better bargain for the United States: bombing North Vietnam was undertaken to stop "infiltration" to the south, and has failed to do that. If accepted, Goldberg's "offer" would have accomplished what bombing has failed to do, and with no cost in planes and airmen lost.

With the ability of "the other side" to resist crippled by a halt in reinforcements, and the United States undertaking no similar commitment, Goldberg then proposed that a phased withdrawal of North Vietnamese troops, and American troops, might be arranged. Talking to the Vietcong—or the National Liberation Front—would not be an "insurmountable obstacle," he added, quoting President Johnson. Of course, the Goldberg plan was not accepted.

By contrast to this never-never land, Thant's three-point peace plan could become an active program within a matter of days, if the United States gave the word that Washington was willing to explore this obvious avenue to peace. Ambassador Abdul Rahman Pazhwak of Afghanistan, President of the twenty-first General Assembly, is also a leader of the nonaligned nations here. A group of such nations quickly could frame a resolution to authorize Thant to implement his peace plan. Thant, a Burmese, has facilities for negotiating possessed by no one else in the world.

Since he announced his intention to retire after his present term expires November 3—or at the end of this Assembly, December 20, at the latest—Thant has been the object of international assurances of confidence never given anyone before. Paul Martin, the Minister for External Affairs of Canada, already has suggested that this hymn of praise (led by Goldberg, incidentally) might be converted into a practical power for peace. No one who knows Thant doubts that at whatever personal sacrifice, he would accept another term in office if he really believed he could be instrumental in achieving peace in Vietnam.

Goldberg has grasped the essentials of United Nations usefulness: he stands ready and eager to transmit the word to Thant, Pazhwak and the United Nations in general that the Americans are, at long last, ready to pursue peace in Vietnam with a seriousness unencumbered by a childlike faith that a punch in the nose will solve vexing problems. What is required is the consent of President Johnson.

DONALD GRANT, U. N. Correspondent
St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Welcome Aboard

Washington correspondents write prolifically, but they do not necessarily enlighten the reader. On the contrary, it sometimes seems that their mission is to keep the President in good humor rather than help the public to understand. Anthony Howard is among the exceptions, but since he reports the Washington scene for *The Observer* of London, Britishers are likely to be better informed than Americans about some behind-the-scenes maneuvers on the political front.

Howard has discerned, for example, the meaning of the

IN THIS ISSUE

October 10, 1966

EDITORIALS

338

ARTICLES

341 Wedge of Dissent: The Democratic Rebels in Congress — *Robert G. Sherrill*

346 Letter from Germany: A Sword Too Heavy? — *C. Amery*

347 The Ambivalent Scholars Marx and Shame: Socialism Today — *Harvey Swados*

351 The Supreme Court and the Bill of Rights II: Justice for the Accused — *Leo Pfeffer*

354 Million-Dollar Trinket — *Ralph Lee Smith*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

356 Seeing Williams with Fresh Eyes — *Sherman Paul*

357 The Model A Spirit — *Nathan Silver*

358 White Pass Ski Patrol (poem) — *John Logan*

359 Where the Air Is Unclear — *M. G. Wurtele*

360 The Mafia Establishment — *Gabriel Gersh*

360 Lunch Hour Idyll (poem) — *Saul Touster*

361 Theatre — *Harold Clurman*

364 Records — *Benjamin Boretz*

364 Asylum (poem) — *Daniel Hoffman*

366 Films — *Robert Hatch*

367 Crossword Puzzle — *Frank W. Lewis*

Editor
CAREY McWILLIAMS

Managing Editor
ROBERT HATCH

Literary Editor
HELEN YGLESIAS

Poetry Editor
MICHAEL GOLDMAN

Copy Editor
MARION HESS

Advertising Manager
MARY SIMON

Washington
ROBERT G. SHERRILL

Paris
ALEXANDER WERTH

Theatre
HAROLD CLURMAN

Art
MAX KOZLOFF

Music
BENJAMIN BORETZ

Science
CARL DREHER

JAMES J. STORROW JR. Publisher
ANNE C. ABRAMOVITZ Assistant

The Nation is published weekly (except biweekly in July and August) by the Nation Magazine Company and copyright 1966 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y., 10014. Tel.: CH 2-8400. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing office.

Subscription Price: One year, $10; two years, $18. Foreign and Canadian postage: $1 extra per year.

Change of Address: Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new.

THE NATION *Volume 203*
No. 11

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

recent meeting in New York of Kenneth Galbraith, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., and Richard Goodwin, all former members of the Kennedy administration and, in the case of Schlesinger and Goodwin, one-time aides of President Johnson as well. Goodwin did not depart until the beginning of this year, and Mr. Johnson may feel that his new role is especially treacherous. If so, Mr. Johnson should consider the difference between a man writing speeches for the President and a man writing them for himself.

That is not a precise description of Mr. Goodwin's present role; it may be broader. As Mr. Howard sees it, Goodwin and the other two are working together on the Vietnamese dilemma, and their views are generally in line with those of Sen. Robert Kennedy. This agreement is not accidental. The "Kennedy Group"—a kind of shadow cabinet—is in the process of launching a project aimed to put pressure on the President through a "No Wider War" committee, probably soon after the elections. Such a maneuver is not to be taken lightly, either by the participants or by Mr. Johnson. The former are going out on a political limb, since the tendency of the citizens is to support the President more or less blindly in any foreign adventure. But the adventure in this case is so ill-advised that critics of the President's policy may be able to make things hot for him, once they find common ground.

Robert Kennedy succeeded in detaching himself from the Administration's policy with his statement of last February suggesting "a share of power and responsibility" for the Vietcong in negotiations. This was a considerable departure from the Johnson idea that the Vietcong might be allowed to participate with the Hanoi delegation. Neither the Kennedy nor the Johnson concept of the Vietcong role is at all clear, but it is hardly possible to conduct politics without a measure of obfuscation. Kennedy did detach himself from Johnson, and now he is joined by three influential Democrats in a sort of united front. Its policy is one Howard calls "the lowest common denominator among all the critics," namely, resistance to any further acts of American escalation.

How far Kennedy will go remains to be seen. He has been careful to avoid the appearance of a break with the President. Yet no one imagines that there is cordial feeling between the two, or that Kennedy would not like to find a crucial issue on which to differ. He has the issue, but does not wish to confront the President prematurely. There seems to be no doubt, however, that a so-far-and-no-farther position is the one most likely to succeed.

The LBJ Backlash

Lester G. Maddox's victory in the Georgia primary runoff was more "shocking" than "surprising." The vote in the Goldwater precincts of De Kalb County is a clear indication that the young "Pepsi Generation" suburbanites backed Maddox on the assumption that their current idol, the Republican Howard Callaway, could more easily defeat Maddox than Arnall in November. The fact that a moderate Democrat beat a segregationist Democrat in the run-off for lieutenant governor — for which office the Republicans have no nominee — is further evidence of the extent and effect of the switch-over Republican strategy.

Arnall ran an old-fashioned campaign, stayed largely in Atlanta, and did little active campaigning between the primary and the run-off. He was also provoked into stressing the fact that he is a "national Democrat," which in Georgia today is anything but a popular position. The state Democratic machine was indifferent to Arnall, who has never gotten along well with Senator Talmadge. Only one of the other Democrats in the primary (six in all) endorsed Arnall. The recent disturbances in Atlanta were a minor factor; the segregationist vote had "jelled" long before these outbreaks. The vote in the run-off was heavier than in the primary, and the Negro vote in Atlanta was particularly heavy.

How, then, do things stand now? The Atlanta *Constitution* suggests that the Republicans may have outsmarted themselves, that Maddox just might defeat Callaway. One reason for this notion is that the "Mad Democrats" — those who not merely have their backs up on the racial issue but who are furious with LBJ for a variety of reasons — now have a candidate who will elicit their unqualified allegiance. If Arnall had been nominated, many of them might have voted for Callaway. On balance, though, it would seem that Callaway will win the governorship. In this sorry turn of events, how should the Negroes and the moderate whites of Georgia now vote? If they refrain from voting, will Maddox or Callaway be the beneficiary? Or does it matter? More important is the effect that this disaster will have throughout the Deep South, where Georgia has been regarded as the state most likely to slough off the shabby past. Perhaps it is just as well that Lillian Smith, a Georgian who tried hard to break the old pattern of racial bigotry and hate, died when she did.

Myth of Natural Aggression

As our diet of violence grows, the country falls back more and more on the "comforting" theory that a growing army of homicidal nuts is loose upon the land. It does not necessarily follow. The young man who fired from the Texas bell tower was suffering from a brain tumor, but that is no reason for assuming that whoever murdered Valerie Percy in Winnetka, Ill., was deranged. And what of those children on New York's Lower East Side who soaked the clothes of sleeping "bums" and set them afire? The mother of one of them told the press that "everybody talks about the bums and we should get rid of them."

Frederic Wertham has been derided for his campaigns against comic books and TV thrillers, but he persists. When, in the wake of the Percy killing C.B.S. canceled its showing of *Psycho* because its tale of a psychopath who murders women might be thought in "bad taste," Wertham observed sardonically: "I'm not certain it is necessary to show on film how much 'fun' it is to kill a girl."

The point he has to make is a simple one. There is no evidence that aggressive violence is a basic animal instinct; indeed, current opinion among animal behaviorists (see *On Aggression* by Konrad Lorenz; see also "The Anatomy of Violence" by J. B. Scott, *The Nation*, June 21, 1965) is that the "instinct" does not exist in animals lower than man. Man has no other instincts that are peculiar to his species, and the logic follows that aggressive violence is an acquired

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

characteristic. It can be acquired only from society—a society which for centuries has proclaimed smugly that you can't change human nature.

If stabbing and shooting and burning become the commonplaces of our popular entertainment (and the active agents of our foreign policy), a proportion of the public—it seems to be a growing proportion—will see them as normal acts of gratification, and will behave accordingly. If cars are sold on the basis of their jack-rabbit acceleration, their buyers will attempt to beat one another at the crossroads. Is such behavior insane? Dr. Wertham would not so certify. A society gets the sanity it deserves.

The Taste of Inflation

Inflation is no academic matter to a retired couple in their seventies — nor, for that matter, to many a family with employed members. "I can taste inflation," said one elderly housewife who once could afford sirloins and now eats 45c-a-pound chuck roast full of gristle. The rise in food prices may not be as bad for the younger people, but it is bad enough. According to *National Observer,* a 28-year-old housewife in Phoenix, Ariz., dismayed by the steady climb in her food expenditures, placed a four-line ad in a local paper on August 18, asking housewives who wanted to fight this erosion of the family budget to get in touch with her. At last reports, 5,000 Phoenix housewives have joined up. The incident reflects the national concern over rising prices, especially for foodstuffs and particularly the indispensable items — eggs, dairy products, bread.

The latest Bureau of Labor Statistics index tells the story: 0.4 per cent increase in cost of living over the month before. July showed the same increase: 0.4 per cent over June. It adds up to a substantial 3.5 per cent increase in the cost of living since August, 1965, mainly in food. And most economists agree that the index is a dated one which tends to minimize the actual rise.

Two sets of interrelated factors are basically responsible. One is the disappearance of surpluses and the fact that distributors are taking full advantage of short supply and burgeoning demand. The temptation to gouge is one which few businessmen at this level can resist. The other set of inflationary pressures comes from excessive costs on the distribution side. In two reports in *The Nation* (February 21 and September 19) Jennifer Cross tells what lies behind the cost-of-living increase. Fancy packaging, often carried to absurd lengths, adds to the cost of foods, particularly in supermarkets; it is one means whereby the processors can take a little extra from the customer. Advertising has the same effect: food manufacturers spend about $2.2 billion annually to tout their products. Savings stamps add another $680 million to the national food bill. The absence of supermarkets in poverty areas jacks up prices a further 2.8 per cent for consumers who can least afford to pay. So it goes.

Underlying the whole maladjustment is lack of planning. And where planning seems to exist, it is mostly simulated. It was good politics to pour $2 billion a year into farm price supports and the like, to help the farmers and, above all, to garner votes. But whatever has happened to the ever-normal-granary principle? If the surpluses were in storage now, they could be released to force prices down. The increased demand was foreseeable, but the government did nothing. Similarly, the failure to deal with excessive packaging and advertising costs is another proof of subservience to business and unwillingness to interfere with "free enterprise," which as often as not is monopoly in disguise.

A generalized anti-inflation program, relying on such measures as higher taxes and higher interest rates, is not capable of holding down food costs. Nor are a few thousand housewives here and there likely to force down costs by baking their own bread and boycotting selected products. They are on the right track when they agitate — the government never pays much attention to those who suffer in silence—but in the long run only an increase in supply will avail.

WEDGE OF DISSENT

The Democratic Rebels in Congress

ROBERT G. SHERRILL

Washington

Congress, which Sen. Joseph Clark calls the sapless branch, is not quite dead. The rebels of the Left are weak, but they are more unified and determined than is generally believed. One influence that helps weld them together is their awareness that the counterbalance of dissent is more than ever needed in Lyndon Johnson's Washington.

For years Texas liberals have contended that Johnson displays the classic attitude of one who, if he were in a position to indulge the dark side of his nature, would be something of a *jefe*. A number of politicians around here are beginning to agree, and not all of them are liberals; some are on the Stennis subcommittee and some are on the mostly conservative Democratic Policy Committee.

Those who worry about Johnson's power no longer refer to his control over Congress, because in fact he has lost much there; they worry because Congress has already given him too many arbitrary powers and, in his own ways, he manages to get more.

Sen. Wayne Morse, in many respects one of Johnson's willing allies in Congress but at the same time a cranky constitutionalist, believes it would be hard to find "another time in the history of the Republic when the danger is as great as it is at the present hour in the development of a government by *executive supremacy and secrecy.*" One of the East Coast's more urbane Senators, who fears Johnson enough to ask anonymity, called the President

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"as power mad as Macbeth. He is in the sear and yellow leaf of life, like Macbeth, when he will believe only those who flatter him. There are plenty calling him an s.o.b. behind his back." Sen. Vance Hartke of Indiana, of all Senators perhaps the most skeptical of Johnson's intentions, said it "is high time that the division of responsibility within the government be reasserted."

The House also has somber voices. Rep. Robert W. Kastenmeier of Wisconsin looks around the present scene and observes that "since McCarthy's day the liberals have lost more than they have gained. The public mind has been conditioned against their causes," both domestically and internationally. Rep. Don Edwards, president of the Americans for Democratic Action, sees a "turn to the right" since Johnson has been in the White House, possibly because "there isn't a single adviser around Johnson of the kind we'd like to have." Senator Clark, although he claims "I haven't given up hope that the guy will stop short of total disaster," has become so discouraged by the sound of goose-stepping in the White House that he now talks of retiring from the Senate after 1968. "There's nobody left but Arthur Goldberg," says Clark, one of the Senate's most unyielding advocates of disarmament, "who believes in arms control, *détente* with Russia, a foreign policy of conference rather than conflict. The White House has increasingly come under the guidance of individuals who are skeptical about moves for cooperation and peace." A national columnist reports (and after talking with a couple dozen dissenters in both Houses during the past fortnight I can say it certainly sounds authentic) that in a caucus of the Senate out group, one of those present said fervently: "We must stop this madman."

Such is their unhappiness that when in reality they mean only to sign a resolution begging for de-escalation, they sound as if they were plotting a palace coup.

Some of this unhappiness will shortly be translated into action in the House. There, a flying wedge of dissenters is organizing to go into action as soon as the next Congress convenes. A formal organization is something they haven't tried since the late 1950s, when it fell apart at the polls. Three of the chief dissenters — at that time the big play was for a softer line on China — were defeated in their next election, and that threw a scare into those who survived. But now some of the survivors, strengthened by new Congressmen, are ready to try again. The core group will probably be John Conyers of Michigan; Kastenmeier, a ringleader in the Liberal Project, out of which came the much discussed "Liberal Papers"; Ben Rosenthal of New York; William Fitts Ryan, who helped start the challenge of the Mississippi delegation in 1964, a focal point for a number of the group throughout 1965; Don Edwards of San Jose and the ADA; Phillip Burton of San Francisco, a regional vice chairman of the Democratic Study Group; George Brown, Jr., the only man in the House to vote against the defense budget and a predictable opponent, even if he stands alone, of any program to aid what he calls "those fatheads in the State Department"; Augustus Hawkins and Edward Roybal, both of Los Angeles. Brown is a loner, but he and Hawkins and Roybal are buddies and if one of them goes along with plans for the formal group, probably all three will. Tentatively counted among the dissenters are Donald M. Fraser of Minnesota, chairman of the Democratic Study Group's foreign study committee, and John Dow of New York, who need only survive the next election, they say, to begin showing the toughness of a George Brown. Some are also including Henry Gonzalez of Texas, who rides with the President too much to be a stable liberal but who, when he fights, is a very good fighter indeed. And — though this may come as a shock to the purists beyond Washington's borders — Adam Clayton Powell, the wild hare from Harlem. Powell will be invited in for two reasons: if he weren't, he would probably cut the group's program to pieces; and Powell has more secret admirers among Congressional liberals than the public might suppose.

That's the group that you are likely to see coming over the ramparts in January. Conyers, Kastenmeier, Rosenthal, Ryan, Edwards and Burton are considered "solid" by the inner strategists; the others are probables.

And what could this mean? On the really tough domestic bills, twenty votes or less are often the difference between victory and defeat. Thirteen names are listed above, and before the next Congress the roster may total twenty. That's swing power, dickering power, in a tighter Congress; it would put the dissenters in a position, as Burton expressed it, "to study the priorities."

The group could have an even greater impact on the House through the Democratic Study Group, which at present is pretty much an arm of the Establishment but at the same time is disorganized enough to be swung by a well-rehearsed and dedicated junta of the kind these thirteen dissenters could make of themselves. The misnamed "liberal" establishment in Washington has a real stake in the DSG and fears a splinter group of the sort that is in the making.

On the Senate side, unity is achieved through the overlapping of persistent ideological persuasions, not through any outstanding leadership. Among Senate dissenters William Fulbright, Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, would be the natural choice as leader (although he is a Tory in domestic affairs), and one of the younger dissenters insists that Fulbright shows signs of becoming one—"We're closer to Bill, and he's closer to us than ever before."

Actually, as everyone in both Houses knows full well and often says, Fulbright is no leader; he's a loner. The last time I was in his office he was pushing around on his desk a letter from Barbara Tuchman, in which she suggested that the dissenters should consciously set themselves up as the loyal opposition. Fulbright allowed as how it wasn't a bad idea . . . but then again it wasn't a good idea. He had all sorts of excuses for not organizing along that line. "It's a little embarrassing for members of the same party to criticize the President." It's a shame, said Fulbright, that Dirksen and Hickenlooper are in Johnson's pocket. Bob Taft was different. "He said it was the duty of the opposition to oppose—at least for clarification."

Fulbright seemed to recognize that blaming the lack of opposition on the Republicans didn't answer Mrs. Tuchman's proposal, so he went on prodding at her letter and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

giving other excuses: The dissenters don't have enough seniority. They aren't close to the seat of power. He is top man in seniority among them, and he doesn't rate very high. Etc.

Consequently the leadership of the group has been passed around. Depending on the resolution under consideration, Hartke has sometimes been in front, or Frank Church of Idaho, or (with increasing popularity among the dissenters these days) George McGovern of South Dakota. And sometimes, from sheer ebullient noise, the leadership *seems* to be firmly in the hands of Wayne Morse who, with Ernest Gruening, that grand old rumpled ex-*Nation* executive, holds top seniority in Vietnamese dissent. Robert Kennedy has notably *not* tried to lead.

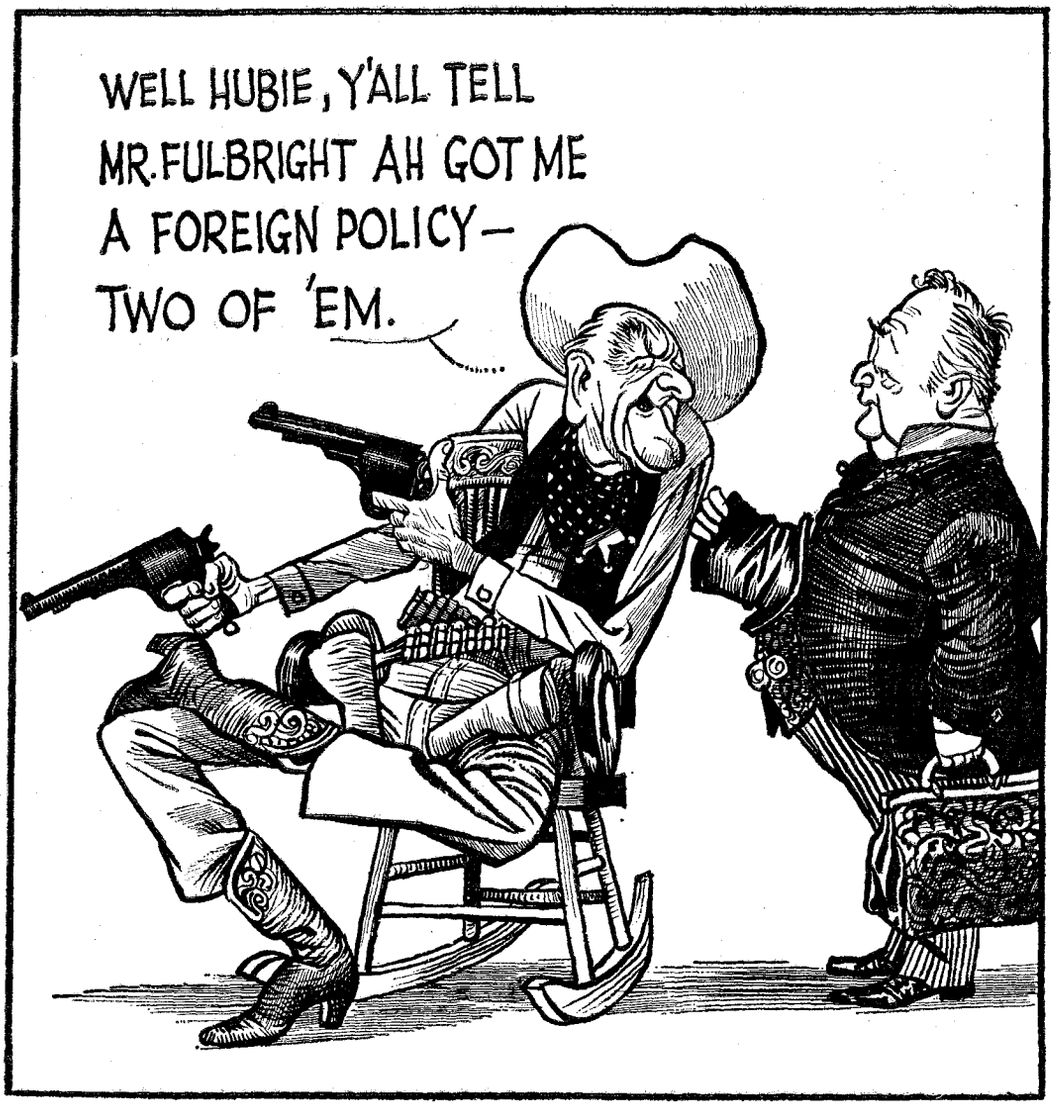
Although the dispute with Johnson usually centers — at least in the headlines — on Vietnam, the unhappiness ranges much wider than that. In general these are the beliefs that hold the dissenters together:

With the death of President Kennedy died the bright promise of a foreign policy tolerant of differences in other nations, aware of U.S. shortcomings, modest in its reaching for world-wide influence, and courageous in its willingness to admit error.

The dissenters argue that it is Johnson the interventionist who is the new isolationist. "Forty years ago," said Gruening, "the isolationist thought of the United States as a power unto itself. Today the interventionist operates by the same concept, by-passing the United Nations and plunging deeper into other countries' affairs against the wishes of the world."

The dissenters believe that in Southeast Asia and in Europe the United States is acting out the role of an international bully — what Fulbright calls the "traditional policy of a great and militarily powerful nation." We've got the power and we feel that we have to use it. "Like ancient Rome," says Gruening, "our legions are everywhere." Clark asserts that "despite the claims of Secretary of State Rusk to the contrary, there is hardly an area in the great arc sweeping southward from Norway and north again to Japan where we have not become the policeman of the free world."

The United States has lost elasticity in its foreign policy, not just in Vietnam but throughout the world. Given a choice between a wobbly civilian government and a sturdy military one, we usually champion the latter. "When the chips are down in Latin America," says Morse, "too often the United States walks out on freedom." We are acting



Macpherson, Toronto Star

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stuffy, forgetting the origin of our own nation. "We are not, as we like to claim in Fourth of July speeches, the most truly revolutionary nation on earth," said Fulbright. "We are, on the contrary, much closer to being the most *un*revolutionary nation on earth."

Old Dulles-isms are still in style, including brinkmanship, and the Dulles division of good guys and bad guys as laid out ten to fifteen years ago. In response to Johnson's fears of Chinese aggression the dissenters point out that with the exception of a brief border quarrel with India (and that was over a patch that some historians in this country say was clearly China's) China has made no aggressive move in a decade. Strategists for the State Department talk in sly terms of "containing communism" in Vietnam when they really mean containing a China inhabited by 700 million insidious Fu Manchus. Actually there has been no indication that China is trying to break through into North Vietnam, or that Premier Ho Chi Minh, who once spent eighteen months in a Chinese prison and reputedly is no great lover of his giant neighbor, would fail to resist any such attempt. Meanwhile, we — almost alone among the major nations of the world — speak of a U.S.-pensioned Formosa as if it were all China. In the words of Gruening, "To say that a little group of Chinese driven out of China is China is like saying that a group of Confederate soldiers retreating to the Isle of Pines off Cuba is the United States."

In Europe, we face new situations with the same old "rigidity, stubbornness and standpatism," says Church, and when we try to arm and pacify our allies simultaneously we wind up writing treaties with a "ball point corkscrew." (Despite such outspoken dissatisfaction with our foreign policy, or perhaps because of it, Church was the President's excellent choice as a member of the UN delegation.)

While the State Department sometimes acknowledges a softening on Russia's part, it continues to treat NATO as if it were still a military defense organization needed to beat back Russian aggression. Europe is tired of being divided, tired of being forced to choose sides in the old Russia-U.S. game of bluff. "I can't get too enthusiastic about the Administration's near panic over de Gaulle's pull-out. I think there is no real threat from Russia," says McGovern. "NATO is obsolete," says Gruening. "De Gaulle is rendering us a great service in putting us out. European nations don't want us there." Representative Brown believes "the only threat of military trouble comes from the presence of U.S. troops."

In short, our foreign policy is that of a militarist nation. Our outlook, like our economy, is based on arms. Clark, willing to help Johnson get the money for his domestic program, would like to see the Senate, "in a brief moment of sanity," slash military aid. "It's goddamn nonsense the way they [Congress] throw money away," says Fulbright. "Defense — everybody is for it. Space — you can get half a dozen votes against it, that's all. When you try to trim the defense and space budgets, dissent is an academic exercise." While Congress is much to blame, Johnson must take the leader's share, says McGovern: "The rising level of defense, the supersonic plane — he'll talk about them, glamorize them, throw the full weight of the White House behind them," but when it comes to seeking the billions of dollars needed for rebuilding the cities, for pollution and mass-transportation problems, the Administration gives either silent or grudging support.

To the priorities of American spending the dissenters give their most bitter opposition. Ryan sees this bitterness as the best glue for holding together an urban bloc in the House. Clark recently squeezed from Senator Stennis the admission that the Pentagon will have more than $100 *billion,* nearly as much as the entire federal budget, to play with this year, counting unexpended funds from previous budgets. The military budget has climbed to World War II levels—although there isn't a Tojo or a Hitler in sight.

"We haven't mounted an appropriate and well-documented attack on military appropriations as yet," says Edwards. "But it's coming. You can expect a real, organized attack in January, February and March. There'll be testimony before committees, speeches on the floor, amendments to the military budget."

McGovern points out that, while quietly cutting down on wheat shipments, the United States increases its military aid outlay. "We pretend to be the conscience of the world, but we hardly have the image of a peacemaker. I was told, after visiting a number of countries in the Middle East, that the real pride and joy of our effort to utilize arms aid to bolster an anti-Communist nation was Iraq. I had scarcely left Iraq when its army — which we had equipped, supposedly to defend freedom — turned on the government, cut off the head of its young king, and dragged his body through the streets of Baghdad. They assassinated the premier and brought down the whole government, using American arms to carry out the task." Hartke suggested sarcastically that it is all right for us to give tanks to Jordan, though it had declared its intention to invade Israel, since "we also supplied the airplanes for Israel, with which they could knock out the tanks."

What else can one expect from a misalliance of war and peace? asks Kastenmeier. "I debated very long about special foreign aid appropriations to Vietnam. I voted for it and I should have voted against it. It's window dressing. How many 500-pound bombs can foreign aid offset? Foreign aid, so long as there is a war, is hypocrisy." But if there has to be foreign aid, let it be distributed through a third party. "The United States has spent $850 billion for defense since World War II," says Fulbright. "I believe it would be a great thing if we could take one-tenth of the amount now spent for military purposes and give it to the International Bank or the UN Development Fund and have it used to help build up the societies and economies of the underdeveloped world." All the dissenters feel that any distribution of funds should be done through a third party. Unilateral distribution such as we now carry on can only lead, says Clark, to dollar diplomacy. Fulbright and Brown, referring to a *Nation* article [by John McDermott, July 25], warned of "welfare imperialism."

Looking back, the dissenters feel that Congress was sucked into giving Johnson carte-blanche powers in Southeast Asia. Was the Tonkin Gulf incident — after which the President was given a free hand—perhaps magnified all out of proportion, just so Congress would get excited enough to pass the resolution? A growing number of Congressmen

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

begin to think so. And the incident at Pleiku, when some enemy troops walked right through the Vietnamese troops and bombed a U.S. dormitory, was that not a convenient excuse for beginning to bomb North Vietnam? "Of course it was a ploy," says Gruening. "A gimmick," says Morse.

Evidence continues to emerge, some of it from unlikely sources, that Johnson has been itching for a long time to become a global strong man. It did not escape the dissenters' notice when columnist William S. White, whose writings are generally assumed to originate in the White House, said that Johnson for five years has been nurturing in his heart the desire to impose his doctrine on Asia.

Wherever the dissenters' fears take them, they always come back to the tether fear that Johnson wants more power than is good for the country. And they are not made to feel any better on this point when the President's most intimate aid, Bill Moyers, proclaims: "In a world in which power is our lot, the Presidency stands across the path of those who mistakenly assert that democracy must fail because it can neither decide promptly nor act vigorously. That office is occupied now by a man with a talent for power. *If he fails, we all fail. If he succeeds, we all succeed.*"

To the dissenters this is a new and fearful concept of the Presidency: that the destiny of the nation should depend upon the destiny of one man.

After so much complaining, what are the results? From a distance they may not appear much, but in some ways the dissenters have already achieved a great deal. For one thing, they are forcing Johnson's hidden nature to the surface. Not long ago Senator Clark made a speech in San Francisco in which he said that it would probably be a good thing if the Democrats lost seventy-five seats in the House, because it would reduce Johnson's power. No sooner had Clark stepped into the Senate chamber again than Vice President Humphrey pushed him into a cloakroom and demanded to know why he had said such a thing. "Because I believe it," Clark replied. Said Humphrey, "I know, Joe, but you're driving the President crazy."

Any opposition, however weak, has always triggered a Johnsonian tantrum. But the public should know about this by the 1968 elections, and the dissenters are doing a service by bringing it out. They are also revealing the side of Johnson that has been known, but often submerged, since his 1949 character assassination of Federal Power Commissioner Leland Olds as an anti-capitalism suspect. There's a little bit of that going on today, with the Administration operating through favored newspapers and columnists. The kindest thing that Johnson's old friend William S. White calls the dissenters is "lefties." Fulbright believes that the unfriendly attitude of *The Washington Post* toward the group in opposition can be traced partly to Johnson's appointment of a *Post* executive as ambassador to Switzerland. Fulbright points out that when the *Post*'s diplomatic correspondent, Murray Marder, writes a piece critical of the Administration, "it winds up in the *Progressive* magazine, not in the *Post*." Gruening says that when he and Morse made their first major speeches against the Tonkin Gulf resolution, "not a line appeared in either *The New York Times* or *The Washington Post*." Johnson's influence in all this is probably exaggerated, but it is nevertheless true that the dissenters have not had a good press. Clark contends that when the dissenters take the Senate floor to make a full exposition of their opposition, "the press deserts us in droves."

Johnson is also suspected of planting stories to hold the dissenters up to ridicule. Well established in Washington folklore is the tale that Church was upbraided by Johnson for making certain assertions about Vietnam in a speech. Church replied: "But I was only agreeing with Walter Lippmann." Johnson rumbled, "Awright, the next time you want a dam in Idaho, go to Walter Lippmann for it." Church denies that any such conversation took place and charges the White House with planting the story "as a warning to us as to what could happen. It was done to make us afraid."

Another very widely circulated story is that Johnson told Hartke: "You were just a two-bit mayor of a two-bit town, and I made you Senator." Hartke denies Johnson ever said such a thing. (He also denies that Johnson had anything to do with his victory in 1958.)

Another negative reaction from the Administration was the shifting of Russell Long off the Foreign Affairs Committee, and his replacement by Dale McGee. McGee denies that Johnson had anything to do with the shift, but McGee has certainly proved to be the voice of Johnson in a most rambunctious way. McGee claims to have "the highest regard for the group" in general, but he says the dissent of "three or four" (and, although he won't specify, it's easy to guess whom he means) is "cheap, not genuine, and showing no depth of understanding or intellectual honesty. They read letters from home and take a position. That's not the way a politician does business in 1966. What does liking or not liking to see the pine caskets coming home to Ohio [home of dissenter Stephen Young] or Alaska [home of Gruening] got to do with what you have to do around the world?" Furthermore, he feels that "this isn't the real Fulbright you are hearing on foreign aid." The bogus one, he says, is the creation of a personal, not an ideological split with Johnson.

Most of their fellow Senators speak kindly of the dissenters, and some credit them with influence. Sen. William Proxmire of Wisconsin, who made quite a reputation for himself as a dissenter in his early years but who has now begun to feel his way toward the fringe of the Establishment, sees them "gaining in stature" because "a surprising number of their demands, including the representation of the Vietcong at the conference table, have been adopted by the President." (Actually the United States has sounded both ways on that point.)

Paul Douglas, one of the great dissenters in the Senate on some issues but not on undeclared war, believes the rebels "had some triggering effect on the President's continually saying that he desires to negotiate. I think the attitude of the dissenters also had some triggering effect on the Policy Committee," which recently joined in asking for reduced U.S. military representation in Europe.

Bureaucrats and professionals athletic enough to make the social rounds report no Washington landslide against the group, although one dissenter claims Johnson has tried to get the embassies to scratch them. Norman Sherman,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

assistant to Vice President Humphrey, says he has "never heard a harsh remark about Mansfield, Fulbright or Morse." Washington society leans heavily to the liberal side, so if there are any complaints to be heard they should be loudest from that direction. They are: Joseph Rauh, prominent attorney and an old hand at steering the Americans for Democratic Action, has infiltrated many a Washington cocktail party recently and he swears that "the people I talk to are way ahead of the dissenters. They think Bobby [Kennedy] should take a much stronger position, and they hope that after the elections he will. The liberal community is farther out on the de-escalation program than Church, McGovern, Fulbright or any of them. That doesn't mean a unilateral pull-out. That's New Left talk, and the New Left represents nothing."

The dissenters do not seem to feel this support. "Good God, I feel isolated and discouraged," says Fulbright, no doubt speaking for the whole group on this point. Already one of the key dissenters is talking in terms of not getting out of Vietnam "until there is a change of administration," and another speaks wistfully of some potential candidate "who will offer to go to Vietnam, like Ike went to Korea. That would do it. He would win." It is an awfully long shot.

On the day that Hanoi and Haiphong were bombed for the first time, half a dozen dissenting Senators were sitting around trying to figure out a way to dissuade President Johnson from escalating the war again. Then they got the news. "Well," muttered Fulbright, "what do we do now?" After a gloomy silence, someone else suggested: "How about petitioning him not to bomb Peking? — that should give us a thirty-day head start."

It was a good summation of the dissenters' position: not defeated, but well aware that they are operating just one leap ahead of a fast-moving extremist.

LETTER FROM GERMANY

A Sword Too Heavy?

C. AMERY

Mr. Amery is a German novelist and journalist who has done postgraduate work in American universities.

Munich

Now that most of the facts are out (the minutes of the parliamentary defense committee were, as expected, leaked to the press) a layman can draw some conclusions of his own on the recent crisis between the West German army and the ministry of defense. The surface events are relatively easy to state. Three generals handed in their resignations for two distinct reasons. Their complaints made a prima-facie case against the minister of defense, Kai Uwe von Hassel, and his right-hand man, Assistant Secretary Gumbel. Large sections of public opinion, including the notorious Springer press, tore into von Hassel for his shameful neglect of the soldiers' legitimate grievances; liberal opinion abroad, reacting to this attack, tended to back the West German Government's decision to stand by von Hassel. This support was interpreted as a victory of political control over military arrogance, of old democratic tenets over the shadow of Prussia.

But neither the Springer approach nor the liberal reaction was up to date in its evaluations. The little crisis was strictly a postwar phenomenon, concerning the army of today and the West German establishment of today — not Wilhelm's second Reich, nor the unlucky Weimar Republic. The two factors that caused the generals to act were growing uneasiness about a series of fatal Starfighter accidents in the *Luftwaffe* and protracted enmity between Inspector General Trettner and the assistant secretary. In the Strauss era, the Starfighter was decided to be the ideal plane for the newly emerged *Luftwaffe*. It is hotly debated today that this was or was not a political decision — a superfluous argument, since the whole West German rearmament was a political decision. The Starfighter was to be the preparatory step to a West German nuclear striking force; there can be no doubt about that. All the modifications on the U.S.-Canadian pursuit plane (modifications which make it today a $1 million death trap for German pilots) are meaningless if they are not meant to make the plane capable of nuclear pinpoint bombing. In other words: the whole Starfighter program was, from the beginning, a concrete expression of the political aspirations of the Adenauer-Dulles era. It was and is frightfully expensive, it was and is tactically dubious, and it was and is the toy of a nation that aspires once again to military prestige.

But — and here the dissatisfaction of the generals comes in — it was imposed upon a military establishment incapable of supporting it. The *Luftwaffe* has a justified grudge there. It lacks technical manpower and it lacks an efficient and speedy "system management" of the sort installed at the Pentagon by McNamara. These men are by no means future junta *Putschers*; they are first-rate technicians clamoring for the tools they need and for a place in society, and in public opinion, corresponding to their objective skill — and, one may add, their expensiveness. If they are stars, and the German defense concept meant them to be stars, they should rate star pay and star treatment. They draw comparisons with their United States and Canadian fellow pilots and they feel themselves frustrated and disparaged by a clique of civilian bureaucrats.

This bureaucracy — which also caused the resignation of Inspector General Trettner — is the West German establishment's idea of political control over the armed forces; it is intended as the brake to prevent a relapse into the dangerous precedents of the past. In addition to the frightful costs of rearming from scratch a standing conscript army of 450,000 men, the German political establishment must (*a*) recruit the necessary number of highly skilled or highly trainable men in a society dedicated to capitalist goals

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(a situation very different from that of pre-1914 or pre-1945); (*b*) fight the ghosts of the past — particularly in questions of personnel; and, therefore (*c*) balance the demands of a democratic concept of military leadership against those of military efficiency and *esprit de corps.*

All recent crises and scandals involving the army have arisen from those strains and stresses. In Nagold, where recruits collapsed physically and psychologically under paratroop training, it was a question of modern principles against old-fashioned discipline (which, by the way, is tougher in the U.S. Marines than in the German army). In the case of General Panitzky, it was technical efficiency versus an old-fashioned bureaucracy; and in the case of the inspector general, it was these things plus the question of what place the armed forces have in an industrial society. Trettner was by-passed in a momentous decision: to let the powerful Public Services trade union organize professional soldiers. Before a high court of the land, the union argued successfully that professional soldiers have as much right to present their material demands as do their blue- or white-collar counterparts. Von Hassel, therefore, backed down from a stand previously taken and gave the unions their chance in the barracks. The decision was forced upon him, but he did not want to thrash it out with the highest-ranking soldier in the country.

The crisis is at an end — for the time being — but it would be naive to assume that the air is really cleared. The strains and stresses remain. They are the direct result of political decisions taken from 1947 to 1955, decisions which disregarded the heavy mortgage of recent German history and which were tailored to fit a cold-war alliance. They demanded economic and psychological sacrifices far exceeding the scant resources of the nation that today presents a glittering façade of power to the world. One might say that Germany forged a sword of considerable size and strength, but that it lacks the Siegfried to wield it properly.

THE AMBIVALENT SCHOLARS

Marx and Shame: Socialism Today

HARVEY SWADOS

Mr. Swados is on the faculty of Sarah Lawrence College. He is the editor of The American Writer and the Great Depression *recently published by Bobbs-Merrill.*

New York City

Since I had not attended the first annual Socialist Scholars Conference held at Columbia University in 1965, I did not know what to expect from the second, held at the Commodore Hotel in 1966. Apparently neither did the management of the hotel, which was so taken aback by what developed that future meetings will apparently revert to the more serene and cloistered atmosphere of the campus.

For one thing, the hotel was mobbed. Nine hundred arrivals had been pre-registered, but they were joined by so many hundreds more that it was all but impossible to reach the desk. Three hundred of the newcomers were accepted, to sit in an anteroom and hear the opening session through a loud-speaker; the rest were turned away. For another thing, while all of those who milled about may have been Socialists of some sort, they hardly resembled the scholars simultaneously gathering at other conferences in neighboring hotels to listen to technical papers and exchange information about teaching positions. These for the most part were terribly young, in their very early twenties, and a good many were teen-agers; their clothing, hair styling and whiskers were often of the sort that drives square school administrators into uncompromisingly conformist attitudes.

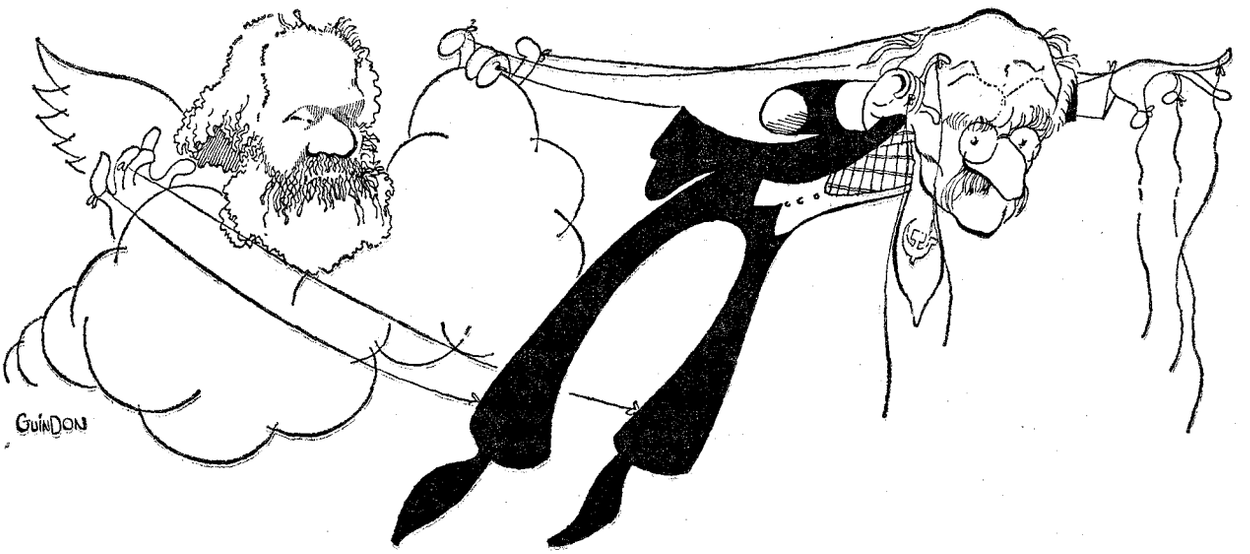
They had come, the first evening, to hear an address by the star of the conference, Isaac Deutscher, who disappointed neither them nor the graybeards his name had attracted. (Socialists in their thirties and even their forties were noticeably scarce — a generation seems to have disappeared — except for those represented on the steering committee.) Deutscher delivered an old-fashioned revivalist camp-meeting kind of speech, "On Socialist Man," with something in it for nearly every member of the Socialist family. There was a brief attack on Keynesianism ("pseudo-social control over the socialized productive process"). There was a somewhat lengthier attack on what he called "pessimist existentialism," which argues *sub specie aeternitatis* from a teleological premise ("We Marxists see no metaphysical sense in our existence—and no absurdity either. . . . We are concerned with man's condition in society which is his own creation"). And there was an extended attack on Freudianism—an indication, perhaps, that Deutscher regards it as the most potent, viable and mettlesome alternative to Marxist theory ("Freud and his disciples failed to make allowances for the refraction and transmutation of instinctual drives through social devices. . . . Freud, with his mistaken conception of property, begs the question. . . . Should one take it for granted that Socialist man will be subject to the Oedipus complex as we are?"). There was, finally, a sharp reminder that while we speak "colloquially" of Eastern Europe as being composed of Socialist countries, we are entitled to do so only in contrasting them with capitalist society. The typical man of the Soviet Union presents an even more striking contrast to the traditional concept of Socialist man, and indeed the Stalinist and post-Stalinist "Socialist man" of Eastern Europe and the Orient is a *parody* of the original Marxian vision: "I see the main causes of this not in the rulers' ill will—although there has never been any lack of this—but in objective circumstances."

Greeted with a standing ovation, Deutscher stood before the throng hardly as a new Socialist man—as he himself would have been the first to concede—but rather as almost the last of a breed effectively extinguished by Stalin and Hitler. The old revolutionist, the incarnation of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

scholarly integrity and Socialist fervor, complete with mid-European accent, bald Leninist dome and white Trotskyist goatee, seemed like a character from a novel of the thirties, remarkably reincarnated. He might have been counterbalanced, physically and intellectually, by Herbert Marcuse, but this rival elderly Marxist had to be represented by a letter of greeting to the conference which included a restatement of his estimation of contemporary problems.

Marcuse stressed that the Marxist idea of socialism, because it is not radical or utopian enough, no longer suffices to characterize possibility; that the conference should refrain from premature identification with anti-Socialist "Socialist" groups; that it should articulate and respond to the anti-ideological suspicions of the youth, and their refusal to accept either "the affluent society" or "socialism." The



announcement that Marcuse was detained at a Hegel symposium in Prague was greeted with laughter which was somewhat mysterious to those not among the elect. What was funny—that Hegel had come to Prague, or that Marcuse had come to Prague?

In any case, it fell to Shane Mage (Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute) to provide not only a counterfoil to Deutscher but a foretaste of confusions yet to come. Arguing that Deutscher's Marxism was no longer adequate either as explanation of the present or guide to the future in an automated, workless society, Mr. Mage urged more immediate efforts to create the Socialist man through such means as the use of consciousness-expanding drugs like LSD. Mr. Mage's advocacy of what he seemed at this point to be spelling out as the Logical Socialist Drug was hardly acceptable even to the youngest generation present (although one engaging girl graduate student confessed to me next day, "if that was new-style Marxism, then I'm a Marxist!"), for it had already heard his message elsewhere and was eager for a more political and less chemical analysis of the human predicament. And Mr. Deutscher was quick to point out that the current craze for narcotics, hallucinogens and mystical recipes had its counterpart in the extreme experiments of young 19th-century Russian intellectuals who were beating their heads against the wall in a wildly obscurantist and seemingly reactionary czarist social order.

Nevertheless, the younger man had managed to bring out a contradiction which was to become increasingly apparent in the weekend of papers and discussions that followed. For if it was easy for the old revolutionist to demonstrate that the individual flight from reality is a poor prescription for decisively altering the course of modern society, it had been equally easy for the young rebel to observe that, for all its humanity and systematic rigor, Deutscher's Marxism simply did not seem sufficient or even relevant for those committed to combating from within the most powerful imperialist order in world history.

Deutscher had concluded his address with an appeal to "carry the Socialist idea back into the working class." Although that call was greeted with enthusiasm, it was to be almost the last time that the working class was so much as referred to in the panels that followed. When, at the business meeting on the final afternoon, a member of the Ford UAW local from Detroit arose to request that more attention be given at future conferences to labor problems, it was as though a shade had briefly materialized; he was politely received, but it was apparent that the conferees' minds (and hearts) were elsewhere.

Where does a Socialist's heart go these days, if not to the workers of his own country? Well, to the Negroes, to the native poor and to the peasants of distant lands. Running pervasively through almost all of the nine weekend panels was the theme of search for a new constituency; and if Marx's invidious characterization of both the *lumpenproletariat* and the peasantry was all but unanimously rejected, it was obviously not so much for "scientific" as for emotional reasons.

It was significant that Prof. Gordon Lewis (University of Puerto Rico), commenting at the panel on Components of Contemporary Revolutionary Movements as an English Socialist watching American reaction to U.S. behavior in Latin America, Africa and Southeast Asia, quoted Marx to the effect that shame is a revolutionary sentiment. For if anything united the disparate individuals at the Socialist Scholars Conference, it was not scholarship or socialism but shame on the part of those who had been sharing willy-nilly in the bounty of the affluent society. And while Professor Lewis specifically rejected the darkly menacing anti-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

West, anti-white myth of the late Franz Fanon in favor of Socialist humanism, Fanon's name continued to reverberate through the Hotel Commodore's meeting rooms. One suspected that this came not so much from the power of the Fanon myth, and its insistence on the therapeutic value of violence for rebellious blacks, as from its LeRoi Jonesian ability to evoke shame and pain in the bosoms of middle-class masochists, all too aware that in the autumn of 1966 no more than a dozen blacks had joined the 2,000-odd registrants gathered together to discuss socialism.

It was significant, too, that while many hundreds of young people at this panel were listening intently to Irving Markovitz (Queens College) discussing Africa and to Franz Schurmann and James Petras (University of California) analyzing developments in Asia and Latin America, only perhaps half as many conferees, most of them twice as old, chose to hear Victor Perlo, Allen Solganick (University of Maryland) and Alexander Erlich (Columbia) on Economic Changes in the Soviet Union. The concerns of the young were different from those of the old, many of whom showed more concern than did the newer generation for the protection of people from the state under "socialism."

On Saturday afternoon, with a choice of not two but three panels, the conferees were fairly well divided between a symposium on Poverty and Powerlessness (taking off from a presentation on organizing the poor by Richard A. Cloward and Frances Piven of Columbia) and one on Baran and Sweezy's *Monopoly Capital*. If it was surprising that so many should have been attracted to the latter—which was, after all, fairly recondite and required some grasp of economics—it was even more surprising that the third panel, on Realism in Literature, attracted only a relative handful. It was not political enough, some people said. There was a time when the Left could fill Carnegie Hall for discussions on literature and society, but that time is not now—which is perhaps just as well, given the fact that the critical arguments on this tedious afternoon seldom mentioned a particular book but buzzed about among those generalities dear to academics and literary Stalinists.

The liveliest moment on Saturday was a rabble-rousing harangue by James Haughton (Harlem Unemployment Center) at the Poverty and Powerlessness panel. It was Mr. Haughton's unscholarly Socialist thesis that the difference between the poor and the rest of us, of which the other speakers made so much, is merely one of degree, that a depression is coming which will fling professionals and proletarians into the ranks of the poor, and that all will organize together thereafter to build the barricades of the revolution. Mr. Haughton's presentation was not only respectfully but joyously received—it was as if his hearers, ranging from youthful students to august professors, but nearly all assuredly both white and middle class, were responding to the apocalyptic vision that the road to socialism would be paved with their own pulverization.

This peculiar ambivalence (cross-eyed view might be a more accurate, if less fashionable description) did not escape the attention of the dinner speaker, Conor Cruise O'Brien (New York University). His address was marked more by wit and charm than by substance or originality, but he did observe that neither he nor those whom he was addressing had given up their cushy academic jobs for a dedicated life of propagandizing among the poor—a course suggested by a speaker at the Conference a year ago. He did not pursue the contradiction beyond stating his belief that Stalinist academics already had sufficient to do within the areas of their own competence.

It was only on the last day that this blurriness, this mixture of role playing and gamesmanship, was thrown into sharp relief for one hilarious moment. Once again there was a choice between two panels, and once again the younger people—meaning the vast majority—crowded into the session on the Political Ideology of American Corporate Liberalism (fetching title), and left the other, on the Crisis of the Comintern (fascism and the popular front), principally to the old politicals. Despite the appeal by Isaac Deutscher at this latter panel for an effort to relate the problems of the twenties and thirties to America of the sixties, the presentations seemed to one who was in and out of the room essentially recapitulations of orthodox Stalinist and Trotskyist interpretations of the Comintern's zigzags. They were more dignified than they had been of yore (after all, more than a quarter of a century and 40 million dead separate us from the events argued over), but they hardly proceeded to the relevance for which Deutscher was pleading.

For the majority of the conferees, the assault on the American value system was what was happening. The panel on Corporate Liberalism began tamely enough with a paper on the ideology of labor leaders by Ronald Radosh (Queensborough Community College), remarkable mainly in its attempt to demonstrate, by tortuous logic chopping, that the likes of Matthew Woll had been flaming radicals by comparison with those fascistic collaborators, Sidney Hillman and Philip Murray. It was an argument disposed of with merciful brevity by Gabriel Kolko (University of Pennsylvania).

Then Martin J. Sklar (Rochester University) rose to present a paper entitled "The Corporate-Liberal Ascendancy and the Socialist Acquiescence: An inquiry into Strange Times," and for a few brief moments the light of truth shone on the assemblage. What is strange about our times, Mr. Sklar asserted, is the transmogrifications that have taken place among those who regard themselves as intellectuals, thinkers, apostles of change. The image that confronts us in our separate mirrors is confusing, contradictory and comical. Stalinist has become Trotskyite, Trotskyite has become Stalinist, Marxist has become Existentialist—and as Mr. Sklar went on with his relentless catalogue, the hall rocked with laughter. It was the laughter of recognition and relief, and it had a cleansing force, washing away cant, posturing and boredom.

What was more, it highlighted the contrast not only between genuine political conversions and accommodations accomplished in the guise of high principle but also between sober scholarship and intoxicated activism. For several days the conferees had been traipsing from ballroom to ballroom, browsing en route in the Socialist bazaar that had been set up by competing publishers, parties, splinters and sects on tables lining the corridor. They had hardly paused to consider the relationship—if any—between their papers, some lively and provocative, others as tiresomely scholastic as those of any other scholarly meeting, and the propaganda

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

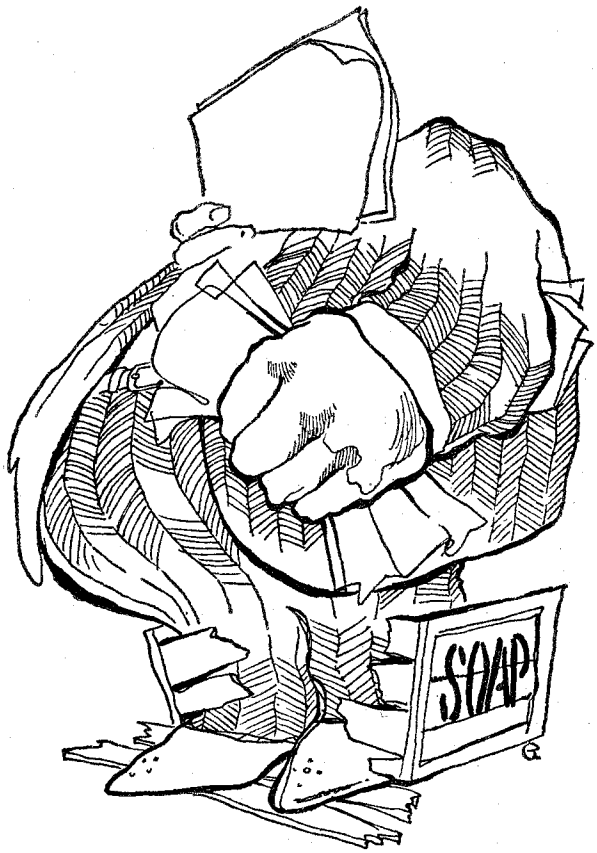
papers earnestly hawked by Communists, Trotskyists, Maoists, Spartacists, Johnsonites, Third Campers, et al. Nor had they considered whether they were really emancipated laborers in "the intellectual workshops of our country," as Louis Menashe (Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute) had assured them in his opening remarks that they were; or whether they were instead helots in "institutions of intellectual servitude," producing "a dispassionate and studied dullness, a façade of scholarly activity concealing an internal emptiness and cynicism, a dusty-dry search for permissible truth which pleases none but the administrator and the ambitious," as they were characterized in a flier from the Free University of New York. Perhaps they were both? If so, how seriously could they take themselves?

Unfortunately, Mr. Sklar could not sustain his mordant inquiry; he changed his tone, calling yet once more for prompt action, this time on behalf of the immediate constitution of a Socialist party (to be built, apparently, by just those feckless spirits whom, to their delight, he had been excoriating). Mr. Sklar's proposal matched in grandiosity the title of his paper, but while it provoked the expected enthusiasm, particularly from the young, its contribution to Socialist scholarship was open to question.

That task was undertaken with considerable intellectual vigor on the final afternoon by Harry Magdoff (New School for Social Research) in a substantial paper on "The Economics of Contemporary U.S. Imperialism." With the aid of a series of charts, Mr. Magdoff riddled the conventional wisdom which teaches that the relatively small dollar amount of U.S. foreign trade is in itself proof of this country's nonimperialist bent. Describing his paper modestly as "a progress report on a research project," Mr. Magdoff suggested six areas for further research by young scholars: the role of exports in general; the role of monopoly in the underdeveloped countries themselves; the role of existing price structures and trade channels in the underdeveloped countries; the method of operation of the U.S. foreign-aid program, now organized so as to control the economic growth of the underdeveloped countries; the role of the dollar as international monetary unit; and the question of the relation of regional blocs to future superstate arrangements of U.S. imperialism.

While these serious questions were being raised in most stimulating fashion, down the hall Eugene Genovese (Rutgers University) was reading a paper on the legacy of Negro slavery. To the noticeable confusion of those who knew of Mr. Genovese not only as a highly reputable scholar in this area but as one who in the past had engaged Herbert Aptheker from the Left (defending Maoism and attacking Aptheker for Khrushchevism), Mr. Aptheker now attacked Mr. Genovese's paper from the Left, as giving insufficient attention to the rebellious spirit of Negro slaves and thus serving by inference to legitimize myths of black passivity.

It was in the Sunday afternoon business meeting of the conference, open to all participants, that some of the most interesting questions were raised. The substantial contingent of SDSers (Students for a Democratic Society) expressed—for the most part informally—dissatisfaction with the level of many of the papers presented; if their proposed Radical Education Project, one of the most intellectually



ambitious student undertakings in a generation, is stimulated to greater accomplishment by the second annual conference (the proceedings of which are to be published in *Studies on the Left* and *Science and Society*), this in itself will have justified the labors of its organizers and sponsors.

On the other hand, the question of broadening participation in future conferences brought out the fact that not merely bureaucratic confusion but personal pique and factional/doctrinal differences had prevented Socialists of considerable stature from being invited to participate this year. When a professor from the State University of New York (Stony Brook) recommended that the Social Democrats, right-wing Socialists, or whatever, who support *Dissent* magazine, edited by Irving Howe (Hunter College), be invited, he was greeted with silence and some laughter. But surely even the SDSers who laughed at the suggestion would be bound in all honesty to concede that Howe's presence would have added immeasurably to the panel on Realism in Literature; that the remarks of Michael Harrington would have added immeasurably to the panel on Poverty and Powerlessness; that Bayard Rustin's presence would have added immeasurably to the panel on The Legacy of Negro Slavery; that the essay of Tom Kahn (League for Industrial Democracy) on the New Left in the July issue of *Commentary* was far more worthy of serious discussion and criticism than many of the papers presented at the conference. What is more, the left-wing Socialists grouped roughly around *New Politics* magazine were also notable by their absence; and it seemed universally agreed that Hal Draper of its editorial board, mentor of the Berkeley revolt, and Chairman of the Independent Socialist Committee, could also have contributed to the conference.

This entire question was aggravated by the suggestion of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

another professor (from a university which shall be nameless) that future conferences be broadened to include spokesmen from Eastern Europe. Expressing with surpassing unctuousness his admiration for Isaac Deutscher's address, he went on to observe (with something less than accuracy) that Mr. Deutscher had asserted that there was nothing to be learned from the Socialist countries. It was his own feeling that academics from these countries could not only defend Socialist achievements but explain them to American critics.

Mr. Deutscher promptly rose to characterize the statement as a distortion of his position. Of course there must be discussions between Eastern and Western scholars and Socialists, but they must be conducted on a basis not of servility but of intellectual equality and freedom to criticize. Then, in a voice trembling with anger, he stated that he had it on unimpeachable authority that one of the conferees has publicly stated: "It's too bad that a Socialist conference had to be opened with an address presenting the viewpoint of the John Birch Society."

"This kind of slander," Deutscher cried out, "I hoped had died with Stalin. It is absolutely impermissible in a Socialist gathering!"

While this was greeted with a standing ovation, the fact remained that there had been moments during the weekend when the conference presented here and there the spooky aspect of a gathering of ghosts, posthumously rehabilitated in order that they might mutter the wretched canards so indignantly exposed by Isaac Deutscher. There can be no question (there should be none even in the minds of those who for political reasons did not attend the conference) that old-time contributors to Communist publications like Victor Perlo and Herbert Aptheker do have something to contribute. But surely it is questionable whether much can be accomplished on behalf of an ideal by kowtowing to those whose contributions to socialism have consisted primarily in character assassination.

We have reached a point in the world of art in which anyone—whether he be dedicated to chance in preference to conscious selectivity, or even to destructiveness as against creativity—is considered as an artist when he so defines himself; and the critical question becomes not whether he is an artist but whether he is a good or a bad one. Perhaps it would be useful if this attitude could take root in the political world, starting with an association like the Socialist Scholars Conference, which has, according to its own statement, "a broad Socialist perspective . . . in which no one's ideological credentials will be scrutinized." Its organizers, working hard with the most limited of resources, produced an occasion which demonstrated yet again the persistent attractiveness and intellectual magnetism of the Socialist idea. If they—and the Socialists whom they did not invite and who chose to stay away when they could have come—will accept the idea that any man who says he is a Socialist is one, they will not only be in a better position to evaluate the depth of his commitment and the quality of his accomplishment; they will progress yet further in their altogether commendable aim of demonstrating by precept to a new generation what is both new and of lasting value about the Socialist idea.

[*For a report on the first annual conference, see "What Is A Socialist?" by James O'Connor;* The Nation, *October 4, 1965.*]

THE SUPREME COURT AND THE BILL OF RIGHTS II

JUSTICE FOR THE ACCUSED

LEO PFEFFER

Mr. Pfeffer, special counsel to the American Jewish Congress and chairman of the Department of Political Science at Long Island University, is the author most recently of The Honorable Court: A History of the United States Supreme Court *(Beacon).*

The Supreme Court can lag somewhat behind the national consensus — for most of its life it has done just that — but it cannot lag too far behind. The last time it did so, in the mid-thirties when it refused to recognize either the Great Depression or the 20th century, it courted self-destruction. It can also be somewhat ahead of the national consensus; for the past quarter of a century it has been that. But it cannot, without inviting disaster, forge too far or too fast ahead, as it has recognized and manifested in its cautious response to pleas for protection of political dissent in times of crisis and passion [see Leo Pfeffer: "Freedom of Expression," issue of October 3].

At the present time the Court's major tug of war with the national consensus is on the safeguarding of the procedural rights of persons accused of crime. It is here that the Court appears to have gone furthest in straining the limits of the people's tolerance, and has had the most difficulty in justifying its decisions to the general public.

There are a number of reasons for this. In the first place, our frontier background produced a tradition, much romanticized in motion pictures and television, of vigilantism and summary justice. Second, more than in most other cultures, we tend to divide people (and nations) into good guys and bad guys and to identify with the former. Cops and robbers, in one form or another, is still the game most Americans of every age play; in no other country is the head of the secret police perhaps the most revered of citizens. It is therefore quite natural for us to be antagonistic to legalistic technicalities which we cannot understand but which seem always to provide devices whereby sharp and unethical lawyers can free hardened criminals and frustrate the well-earned victory of the law-enforcement officers.

In the third place, it is in the area of criminal justice that the tension of federalism, the division of power between the national and state governments, is most acute. Under our constitutional system, primary responsibility for the apprehension and prosecution of criminals rests with

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the states and they are likely to resent interference from Washington. Their pleas for a laissez-faire policy do not go unheeded even within the Supreme Court. Almost to the day of his death, Frankfurter, who did not hesitate in declaring invalid state laws financing transportation to parochial schools, or providing released-time religious instruction for public school children, protested the Court's interference with the right of the states to fashion their criminal procedures as they deemed appropriate. Frankfurter was so influential on the bench that not until his retirement could the Court take on, really seriously and consistently, its mission of bringing state criminal procedures within the orbit of the Bill of Rights.

In view of these and similar factors, it would seem surprising that the rights of criminal defendants should be spelled out in such careful detail in the Bill of Rights; indeed, most of it is devoted to that subject. The obvious explanation is that the Bill of Rights was conceived originally only as a restraint on the national government; but this is hardly an adequate explanation since the states imposed the same restraints on their own courts and prosecutors. The real explanation lies in the fact that procedural safeguards evolved in a context not of mercenary or personal crimes but of religious and political offenses.

Procedural rights such as the privilege against self-incrimination, the right to be informed of the crime an accused is charged with, assistance of counsel and trial in public, came out of the religious trials in England, most dramatically those of the 17th-century radical Puritan, "Freeborn John" Lilburne. This history was fresh in the minds of the people when the Bill of Rights was written. Preachers of religious heresy were often jailed as late as the outbreak of the Revolutionary War; blasphemy was punished well into the 19th century, and even today remains a criminal offense on the statute books of many states. It was therefore natural to consider these procedural rights as weapons in the continuing struggle against the established church — particularly since Madison, the draftsman of the Bill of Rights, was, with Jefferson, the leader of that ultimately successful struggle.

It was natural, too, to consider the other procedural safeguards as defensive weapons against political tyranny. One of the principal grievances of the American colonists in the cold war between themselves and the British king was the issuance by his judges of general writs of assistance, and this complaint found its way into the Fourth Amendment's ban on unreasonable searches and seizures, and its requirement of specific warrants based upon probable cause. Among the offenses charged against George III in the Declaration of Independence were the deprivation of trial by jury and the transporting of defendants to distant places for trial, and these are reflected in the Bill of Rights. Although today we no longer have religious trials, insistence upon procedural safeguards, as the Jencks case illustrates, has been and still is an extremely effective instrument in the hands of the Supreme Court for the protection of political dissenters, and one used by it considerably more freely than the outright protection of the right to dissent. Nevertheless, most cases involving procedural safeguards today arise and are decided in a nonpolitical context, and since most nonpolitical crimes are offenses against state laws, it is in state criminal court cases that most issues in the administration of justice under the Bill of Rights have been decided by the Supreme Court.

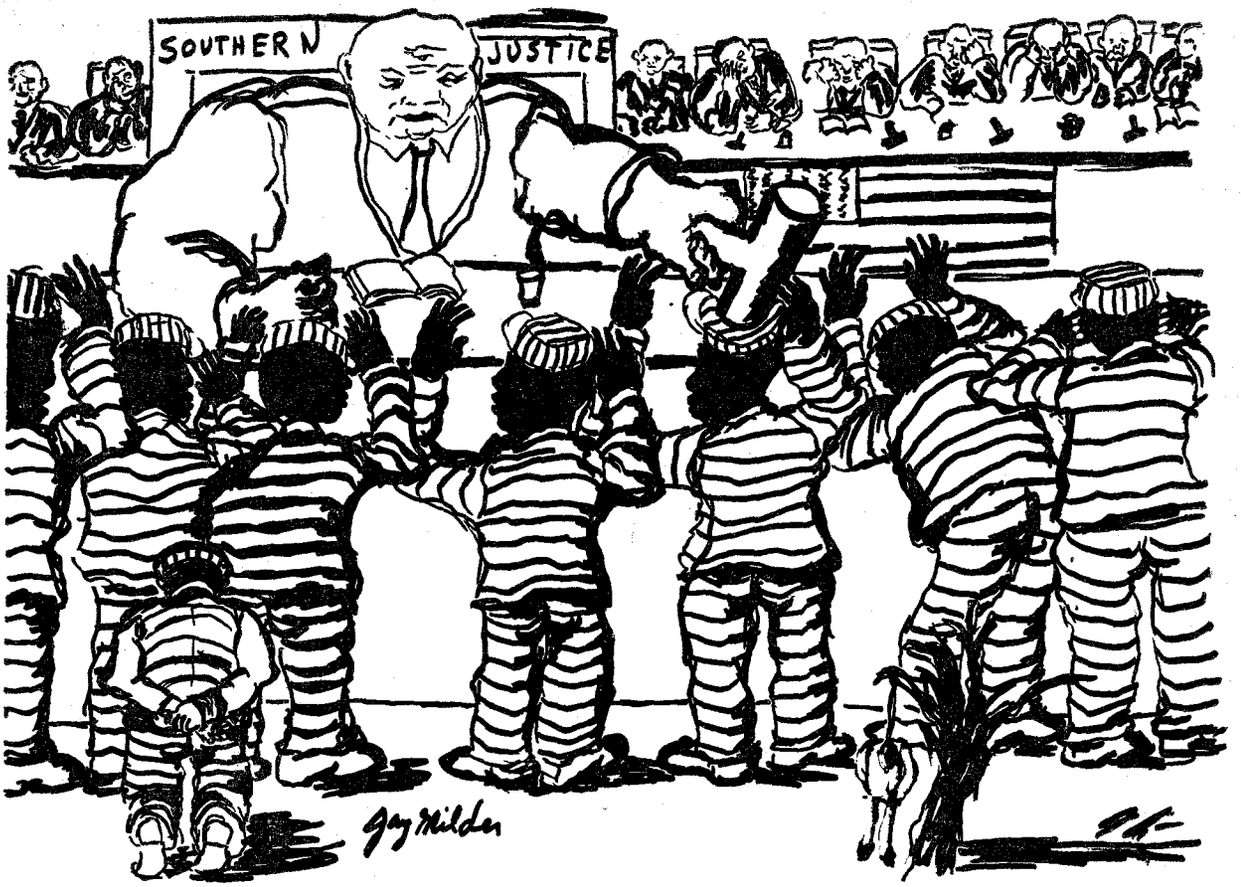
For more than a century, the Court had considered the Bill of Rights irrelevant to these cases. One of Marshall's last decisions was a determination that the Bill of Rights adopted in 1791 did not and was not intended to apply to the states. The Fourteenth Amendment, adopted in 1868, did incorporate verbatim and impose upon the states one provision of the Bill of Rights, the ban on deprivation of life, liberty or property without due process of law; but for more than half a century the Court paid no more than lip service to the provision except when it was asserted for the protection of property rights against state social welfare legislation. In the Haymarket anarchists' case, the Court held that the due process clause did not permit it to supervise state criminal trials or disturb the state court's finding that the anarchists had been fairly tried and justly convicted, even though Governor Altgeld found that they had been railroaded to conviction by a judge who conducted the trial with malicious ferocity. In the Leo Frank case in 1915, the Court held that it was unable to do anything about what was clearly a judicial lynching of a New York Jew in a Georgia mill town that reeked with anti-Semitism and hatred of "foreigners" from New York.

The turning point came in 1923 in a particularly egregious case. A group of Negro sharecroppers met in a church in Phillips County in eastern Arkansas to discuss the employment of counsel to protect their rights against their white landlords. The white citizens of the community got word of the meeting and descended upon the church. Gunfire broke out and a white man was killed. A posse of white men, formed to hunt down the Negroes and avenge the white man's death, caught many Negroes, tortured them and killed them. Finally, saner heads prevailed; when five captured Negroes were about to be lynched, a "Committee of Seven," representing the more responsible white citizenry, prevailed upon the mob to disperse by solemnly promising them that the Negroes would be hanged after trial. To assure this outcome, the committee called Negro witnesses and had them whipped and tortured until they promised to testify as directed. The courtroom was filled with angry whites; hundreds more milled about outside, shouting threats at anyone who interfered with the desired result. The trial of all five Negroes took about forty-five minutes; five minutes later the jury came back with a verdict of first degree murder against all defendants.

This was too much for the Supreme Court. Holding that a mob-dominated trial did not constitute due process of law, it reversed the conviction — over the dissent of McReynolds, perhaps the most reactionary Justice ever to sit on the Supreme Court bench, who asserted that the "fact that petitioners are poor and ignorant and black naturally arouses sympathy; but that does not release us from enforcing principles." Nine years later, the Court intervened and set aside convictions in a series of almost equally shocking cases involving the Scottsboro boys.

Since then the Court has shown little hesitation in stepping in to prevent gross miscarriages of justice or flagrant violations of a criminal defendant's rights. Its difficulties have been in cases where the violation is subtle or borderline. Conceptually, the major difficulty revolves about the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



question of whether and to what extent the Fourteenth Amendment makes the Bill of Rights applicable against the states. The chief antagonists have been Black (joined by Douglas) and Frankfurter, the latter vigorously asserting that the due process clause of the Fourteenth Amendment imposes upon the states no more obligation than to refrain from conduct which shocks the conscience of the Court and the community, or violates fundamental concepts of ordered liberty.

The difference is illustrated by two California cases, one decided in 1947, the other in 1952. In the later case, the Court held that forcing a suspect to disgorge narcotic capsules that he had swallowed as he was being arrested, and using them in evidence upon his trial, violated the Fourteenth Amendment, according to Frankfurter because it shocked the conscience of the Court, according to Black because it constituted compulsory self-incrimination, which is expressly forbidden by the Fifth Amendment. The earlier case involved the constitutionality of a state statute which permitted the prosecutor and judge to comment on a defendant's failure to take the stand in his own defense and the jury to draw unfavorable inferences from that fact. The Supreme Court had long held that such comment and inference were impermissible in federal criminal trials since they penalized and thus abridged the privilege against self-incrimination under the Fifth Amendment. Asserting that the Fifth Amendment was incorporated into the Fourteenth and should therefore be applied the same way in state and federal courts, Black and Douglas voted to set aside the conviction. Frankfurter, with whom the majority of the Court agreed, did not find the state's conduct particularly shocking or violative of fundamental concepts of ordered liberty, and therefore voted to uphold it.

Technically, the contest has been won by Frankfurter. The Supreme Court has never maintained that all of the Bill of Rights has been incorporated into the Fourteenth Amendment and is equally applicable to state and federal governments. The barrier is probably the Seventh Amendment, which requires trial by jury in all suits at law where the amount in controversy exceeds $20; the Court cannot see itself requiring jury trials in the thousands of cases tried in small claims courts or before justices of the peace all over the country. But in practice, the victory has gone to Black. In a series of cases, through a process which has been called selective incorporation, the Court has read into the Fourteenth Amendment almost everything in the Bill of Rights. (The 1947 California decision was overruled in 1964, and today the privilege against compulsory self-incrimination is as potent and extensive in the state as it is in the federal courts.) Indeed, in the 1965 birth-control case, the Court read into the Fourteenth Amendment even the Ninth Amendment's provision that the enumeration of certain rights in the Constitution shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people.

In recent years, and particularly since Frankfurter's retirement, the Court has been engaged in a steadfast campaign to broaden the scope of the constitutional protection available to persons accused of crime. Its treatment of right to counsel best illustrates this. In one of the Scottsboro cases, it held that the state's failure to provide counsel to the indigent defendants constituted a denial of due process. Ten years later, in a decision joined in by Frankfurter but strongly opposed by Black and Douglas, the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Court retreated and held that the obligation to provide counsel applied only in capital cases.

Soon thereafter the Court began to retrace its steps. It held that even in a noncapital case, the state must provide counsel for an indigent defendant who, by reason of youth, mental subnormality or similar disability, could not adequately conduct his own defense, but was not required to provide counsel for mature adults, particularly those who, by reasons of prior encounters with the law, knew their way around the courts. Then, in 1963, the Court blew Gideon's trumpet and held that irrespective of the character of the defendant and the nature of the crime with which he was charged, the state had to provide him with counsel if he could not afford to hire his own. [See "The Banner of Gideon" by Robert G. Sherrill, *The Nation*, April 13, 1964.] The latest, but not necessarily last step was taken this June when the Court held that the obligation to provide counsel arises as soon as the police begin to question a person they consider to be a prime suspect.

In a real sense, the Court's concern with the procedural rights of criminal defendants is an aspect of its quest for equality, manifested most clearly in its decisions on racial discrimination and electoral malapportionment. McReynolds was correct in asserting that the fact that an accused person is poor does not change the principles applicable to his case, but it does require a careful scrutiny of those principles to assure him his full measure of constitutional protection. If the defendant is a member of a high socio-economic class it may be assumed that he had the resources to assure this for himself; if he is on the bottom of the economic ladder, the government must assure it for him.

Of course, this new stance of the Supreme Court has aroused considerable controversy and particularly vocal opposition from prosecutors. But their complaint is hardly new. When Sir Walter Raleigh was tried for treason in 1603, he claimed that he was entitled to acquittal unless two eyewitnesses testified against him. To this, one of the judges replied: "Many horse stealers may escape if they not be condemned without witnesses." Both before then and since, every assertion by an accused of the benefits of procedural safeguards not established by ancient precedent — from the assertion of the right not to be tortured into confessing, to an accused dope peddler's objection to the use against him of evidence procured by wire tapping or electronic eavesdropping — has been met with the same objection; that, if it is granted, many guilty persons will escape. The Supreme Court has made the deliberate judgment that the integrity of the individual and equality of justice in a democratic society are more important than the punishment of every culprit. In this respect, it is undoubtedly well ahead of the national consensus, and is quite possibly risking its future on the gamble that the people will catch up.

MILLION-DOLLAR TRINKET

RALPH LEE SMITH
Mr. Smith is the author of several books, among them The Bargain Hucksters *and* The Tarnished Badge *(both Crowell).*

When America is fighting wars, Disabled American Veterans is perhaps the organization in its field that can count on the greatest public sympathy. With the nation involved in the Vietnamese conflict, there is little doubt that DAV's well-known annual "Ident-O-Tag" solicitation — the individualized miniature automobile license tags for key rings that DAV sends out to 40 million motorists a year with a request for a contribution — will get a favorable response in a very large number of American homes. Also working for DAV is the fact that it is one of the seven leading veterans' groups that are chartered directly by Congress, and whose activities therefore enjoy Congressional sanction.

This spring the New York State legislature considered a bill that would require all charity mailings to reveal two figures — how much the charity raised from public contributions the preceding year, and how much it spent for its stated charitable purpose. Representatives of many charities descended on Albany to oppose the bill in public hearings — including Disabled American Veterans. And, in fact, DAV might well be unhappy to make such a revelation. It spends most of the money received in its Ident-O-Tag solicitation for fund raising, and the national organization spends no money at all in direct financial assistance to disabled veterans.

The Ident-O-Tag solicitation was the brain child of a man named Abraham L. Koolish. Back in 1941 he set up a private, profit-making firm called Ident-O-Tag Company. Koolish had previously promoted such items as punch boards and tableware. His activities had been the subject of three Federal Trade Commission orders, and he had been fined $4,500 for violating one of them. Now, however, he had found a really lucrative field — charity.

Koolish entered into a contract with Disabled American Veterans for distributing Ident-O-Tags, charging DAV $62.50 for every thousand mailed. By 1943, the mailings were already totaling 8 million, which means that the Koolish firm was getting $500,000. In 1945, Koolish sold Ident-O-Tag Company to DAV for $1,336,500, a sum that seems very large in view of the facts that the buyer was a charity and that Ident-O-Tag, an extremely simple trinket, is nonpatentable. The agreement also specified that Koolish be retained as a consultant at $1,000 per month, an arrangement that continued until 1952.

Koolish moved on to various other philanthropic green pastures. Among others, he was involved in the solicitation for a group called the National Association of Veterans Employment Councils, which raised $2.1 million in a twenty-one month period in the 1950s, spent $1.9 million for fund raising, then passed quietly out of existence. But Koolish's fattest deal — and the one that finally did him in — was his relationship to the Sister Elizabeth

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Kenny Foundation. From 1952 to 1959, with Koolish and his firms doing the fund raising, the foundation raised $30 million, of which $16,260,000 was spent for fund raising, office administration, promotion and "informational services." In 1960, the scandal erupted, and Koolish and several officers of the foundation were indicted. In 1963, Koolish was convicted of giving kickbacks to various foundation officials in exchange for receiving the fund-raising contracts without competitive bidding. He was sentenced to ten years in jail and a fine of $17,000, and was assessed $16,000 court costs.

Meanwhile, DAV demonstrated that it had learned well the fund-raising techniques passed on by Koolish. After it purchased the company, letters accompanying DAV solicitations read: "No professional promoters or outside interests benefit from your donation and no royalties are paid anyone." The letters neglected to note that DAV, since acquiring Ident-O-Tag, did an effective job of spending the receipts without outside help. In 1962, DAV raised $3,532,845 from Ident-O-Tag mailings, while spending $2,988,606 on the promotion — a fund-raising cost of 84.6 per cent. In 1963, DAV raised $3,386,962 from the mailings, while spending $2,974,123 — a fund-raising cost of 87.8 per cent.

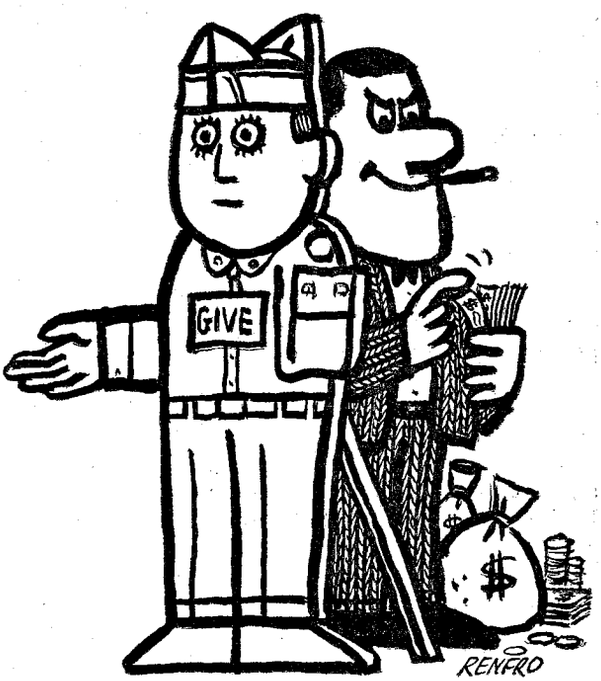
In 1953, a joint committee of the New York State legislature under Sen. Bernard Tompkins conducted a pioneering study of charity problems in the post-World War II era. The committee's 1954 report, discussing in detail the activities of a number of charities, noted that DAV made a practice of using names without authority, even that of the President of the United States. One mailing bore photos of President Eisenhower, General Gray, the Administrator of Veterans Affairs, and General Omar Bradley, along with statements by each that seemingly endorsed the fund-raising drive. All three repudiated the use of their names.

The committee also noted that DAV actually gives no direct financial or welfare aid to disabled veterans. "The D.A.V. has conducted fund-raising campaigns for many years on the strength of the well-inculcated though erroneous belief that the organization gives direct aid to those of our nation's citizens who are the most deserving of our gratitude and help, our disabled veterans," says the report. DAV's principal service to veterans — then and now — consists in maintaining "service officers" who help veterans file claims with the Veterans Administration. About sixty other groups are also certified by the V.A. to perform this service. State agencies in a number of states will also help, or the veteran can file the claim himself, with no help at all or with the help of a V.A. staff member.

In 1958, the House Veterans Affairs Committee made a study of fund-raising activities of veterans groups, and produced further data about DAV. The committee stated that DAV bought a twin-engine passenger airplane for use by its executives, paying $105,655.43 for the plane and another $49,488.57 for a hangar. The plane was piloted by Mel Corbly, an assistant national adjutant of DAV, who was the son of DAV national adjutant Vivian D. Corbly.

Also, said the committee: "The DAV has a policy of giving Christmas gifts and other gifts to its officers, employees, and friends. . . . From December 1950 through May 1957, a list of selected items compiled by the Committee totaled $50,375.72. . . . Items referred to above were all purchased from a Cincinnati firm, Raybill, Inc. From November 20, 1950, until July 21, 1955, Vivian D. Corbly was Vice President of Raybill and owned 25 of its 150 shares of stock. This company not only supplied merchandise to DAV National Headquarters but sold quite a bit to the Departments. In soliciting business from the various Departments liberal use was made of Mr. Corbly's name and the fact that he was an officer of both DAV and Raybill."

When these revelations were made Corbly resigned under fire, with DAV voting to pay him his $18,000 a year salary for two more years to assure him full pension benefits. A new national adjutant has taken the reins, but there have been recent indications that DAV has gotten itself into new trouble. In December, 1964, a federal grand jury in Illinois indicted four men for mail fraud and conspiracy, charging



that they had bilked DAV of more than $2 million while under contract to the organization to solicit contributions of property and materials.

Illinois Attorney General William G. Clark said that one of the arrested men, Harold Sager, had been posing as "Colonel Harold S. McClintock." The "colonel," said Clark, had received $750,000 in "rightful salary" from DAV, and had increased it by transactions in which DAV did not receive its proper share of property and goods contributed. Clark's complaint cited the instance of the Borden Company, which, in response to Sager's solicitation, had donated two soybean processing plants, real estate, buildings and machinery to DAV. The property, said Clark, had brought in $851,000, of which DAV received only $250,000 and had thus "lost $601,000 on this transaction alone."

None of this prevents DAV from flooding the nation with its annual Ident-O-Tag mailings and with other solicitations involving such unordered merchandise as personalized mailing stickers—nor has it so far prevented the public from responding. It is perhaps high time for the House Veterans Affairs Committee to ask seriously whether an operation of this kind should be conducted under the august mantle of a Congressional charter.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Seeing Williams with Fresh Eyes

THE WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS READER. *Edited with an Introduction by M. L. Rosenthal. New Directions. 448 pp. $7.50.*

SHERMAN PAUL
Mr. Paul is professor of English at the University of Illinois. His most recent book is Edmund Wilson: A Study of Literary Vocation in Our Time *(University of Illinois Press). He is also the author of* Louis Sullivan: An Architect in American Thought *(Prentice-Hall).*

Any new work on William Carlos Williams must meet the challenge of the critical temper represented by the recent remarks of a reviewer in the *Times Literary Supplement* who wonders if it is "impossible for this poet to be flatteringly presented," and of Marius Bewley's view that "Williams is the dullest poet of any importance America has produced in this century." Mr. Rosenthal, a student of modern poetry, is aware of the challenge — his introductory essay is entitled "More Than Meets the Eye" — but he has not used the occasion to do for Williams what Malcolm Cowley did so admirably and opportunely for Faulkner in his Viking *Portable*. What Mr. Rosenthal has selected for the *Reader* has intrinsic merit. One questions his selections primarily on the basis of what he has made of them, on the grounds that anthologizing is criticism and must not only stimulate our interest in the author but make us — as F. O. Matthiessen, an eminent anthologizer, said — "see him with fresh eyes. . . ."

This is especially crucial in the case of Williams who, when not neglected, has been superficially criticized (relegated) because he stands outside (and against) the reigning critical and poetical endeavor of our time — that "poetic officialdom," which is, according to James Dickey in *The Suspect in Poetry*, "based largely on the principles which the New Criticism has espoused. . . ." (To say that Williams is dull may also impugn the sensibility produced by a pervasive kind of modernism.) We need to find in an attentive and thorough concern with Williams' writing another language of criticism with which to treat him. Good work on him has been done in articles, theses and books, such as recent studies by Linda Wagner of his prosodic development, and by J. Hillis Miller of the "spaces" of the poet's world. Still, the critical necessity is a hard, close reading of the entire body of Williams' work, and in its behalf the reprinting, in good editions, of *The Great American Novel, Spring and All, A Voyage to Pagany, A Novelette and Other Prose,* and the extensive fugitive materials.

Williams has been prejudged in much the same way as Hart Crane who, it was said, could not possibly write a successful long poem because he wasn't learned and disciplined enough. Yet Crane admirably schooled himself as a poet (his *Letters* record this education) and he wrote the best long poem of his generation of poets. In the case of both poets, R. P. Blackmur, whose early critical views unfortunately did so much to establish the opinions of others, was at fault. Now Mr. Rosenthal, after properly correcting Blackmur's limited understanding of Williams, advances views of his own which seem inadmissible to me — views which show, like the dispersed character of his introductory essay, how difficult it is to place Williams, as he tries to do, within the reigning school.

He says, for example, that Williams accepted "the assumptions of the religion of art by which the symbolists and their successors have lived." This gives him an acceptable lineage, but it is not true: art for him was not religiously but socially redemptive ("to repair, to rescue, to complete"), and he abhorred its visionary uses (this was part of his quarrel with Crane). The world of art, of created objects, was for Williams a formal achievement, another world made of the materials of this world, a world *alongside* or *along with* the world of nature, not a "transcendent" one. His views of art have more in common with Dewey's in *Art as Experience* than with the symbolists, for he wishes to interact with the world, not flee it. Rosenthal speaks of "the transforming and saving power of the aesthetic imagination," but Williams himself does not quite put it in this way and seldom uses "aesthetic"; the imagination is enough for him and he celebrates it: a complex agency of contact with and being in the world, a power enabling the artist to "Invent, Create, Achieve," an injunction of Henry James he cites. Rosenthal also tries to bring Williams closer to Eliot, in spite of all the evidence that Williams, as he once told a correspondent, would contest Eliot to his last breath:

. . . there is as much to say
and more
for the one side
and that not the darker
which John Donne
for instance
among many men
presents to us.

Williams says this in the coda of "Asphodel, That Greeny Flower," where, with magnificent assurance, he works motifs of *The Waste Land* into his own affirmation of light.

Though the *Reader* displays Williams' work in drama, fiction, poetry, history, autobiography and criticism, Rosenthal does not grasp this advantage to present the poet in his role as a man of letters. The book's introduction tells very little about the writer's artistic development (Williams' lifelong search for "measure" is hardly noticed); or about his life (he is the least impersonal writer, feeding his art at the deepest roots); or his milieu (his full participation, for example, in the literary awakening at the time of World War I: his part in *Others* magazine and the editing of *Contact*; his association with poets *and* painters; his involvement in the little theatre — all of which contributed to his style and aspiration as a literary man).

The selection of poems in the *Reader* is good, though for purposes of introduction (and restoration of reputation) I would have chosen more poems from the latter half of Williams' career, such poems of the forties as "The Pink Church," "The Clouds," "Burning the Christmas Greens," and of the last years, any number from *The Desert Music* and *Journey to Love*, books of the highest order, rivaling the achievement of any poet of our time. The selections from *Kora in Hell* (1920), Williams' exercises in free association, are especially in need of editorial help.

These "Improvisations" — more carefully chosen — would have served to introduce many of Williams' poetic motifs and aesthetic ideas. They are not the kind of thing Williams did later in *The Great American Novel* (1923), and to group the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"novel" under that rubric is confusing. *The Great American Novel* belongs with *Spring and All* (1923) and *In the American Grain* (1925), for it is an aesthetic demonstration like the former and an attempt to find a form for the concerns of the latter. The two chapters from *A Voyage to Pagany* (1928), Williams' fictional resolution of his commitment to America, are not primary examples. Still, it would interest readers to know that the fictional Jack Murry was actually Robert McAlmon and that the supper at the Trianon was with Joyce and other notables, and was reported again by Williams in *The Autobiography* and by McAlmon in *Being Geniuses Together*. The chapters from *White Mule* and *In the Money* are well chosen; so are the short stories, none of which, however, bears out Rosenthal's assertion that Williams' method "approaches that of Anderson and Hemingway."

Some of Williams' early stories do have the oral quality and the pastoral nostalgia of Anderson, but Williams found nothing in Hemingway, whose dialogue he considered artificial. A scene from *A Dream of Love*, Williams' most significant play, represents his work as a dramatist, but again the domestic crisis between a doctor and his wife needs explanation, supporting elucidation from a variety of autobiographical sources. The chapters from *The Autobiography* deal with Williams' long friendship with Ezra Pound, his early experience as an intern, and the close relationship between medicine and poetry.

They are set apart within a separate section which, it seems, requires some explanation of Williams' autobiographical intent (how many major poets or artists of Williams' generation have put themselves to this test?). The final section covers "other prose": samples from *Spring and All*, some chapters from *In the American Grain*, Williams' appropriation of American history, and several critical essays, none, incidentally, of the outright programmatic kind. No letters are included — at least, Williams' long letter to Kay Boyle on the literary situation of his generation in 1932 and his letter to Richard Eberhart on "measure" should have been.

For the price of the *Reader* one can have in New Directions paperback editions a small library of complete Williams' texts. Williams is an available writer. And as he tells the reader in "The Pink Locust," where he questions the right of other poets to deny him his place:

I'm persistent as the pink locust,
once admitted
to the garden,
you will not easily get rid of it.

The Model A Spirit

FREEWAYS. *By Lawrence Halprin. Reinhold Publishing Corp. 160 pp. Illustrated. $12.50.*

NATHAN SILVER

Mr. Silver is an American architect who has taught at Columbia University and the Urban Design school of the Architectural Association, London. He is now on the faculty of the Cambridge University School of Architecture. His book on urban conservation, Lost New York, *will be published by Houghton Mifflin this winter.*

Books by architects, planners and landscape architects have traditionally been along one of two different lines. If the designer is well known, an expensive portfolio of his work can be produced. Books of this kind have ranged from the various personal *Architettura Civiles* of the 17th century to the seven-volume Zurich edition of the complete projects of Le Corbusier, a modern paradigm (the only way one can now know most of Corbu's work, in fact). The other kind of book is the how-to-do-it, or what-I-have-learned or (intellectually less honest) what-I-believe book — usually a pastiche of the scholarship and theories of others, but at its best, as in Vitruvius or in Humphry Repton's 19th century treatises on landscape gardening, both an advertisement for the author and a powerful force for popular enlightenment. The architects Philip Johnson and Edward Stone have recently won enough fame to claim books of their own in the first category. Other current books, for example by Theo Crosby, an English architect *(City Sense)*, Victor Gruen, a planner *(The Heart of Our Cities)*, and Lawrence Halprin (*Cities* and the book under review), are products of designer-authors whose prosperous practices don't yet command such public attention.

Mr. Halprin is a successful San Francisco landscape architect who lately has had much consulting work in town planning and the design of freeways (he says he "backed into" it). This book, with brief text and many pictures, appears to have been produced by several members of his busy office. Instead of showing some of Halprin's accomplishments on Ghirardelli Square or the Bay Area Transit system — he has won some prizes for his work, and it deserves a close look — we find instead a pabulum of second-hand ideas on road building; borrowed ideas which are fortunately (as I will point out in a moment) thoroughly unconvincing. His book — just to get the intention clear and over with — is a prime example of Formula Two, self-promotion through how-to-do-it.

The book starts by claiming that cars are vehicles beloved in popular fancy, and motor travel makes for trips full of high excitement. Freeways are "symbolic of the intense dedication of our age to motion . . . away you go — fast. Planing over the land at tree-top level — the roofs of houses below you — almost like flying." The roofs of houses below you? Halprin says that pushing elevated highways *through cities* provides the greatest excitement. "In cities the great overhead concrete structures with their haunches tied to the ground and the vast flowing cantilevers rippling above the local streets stand like enormous sculptures marching through the architectonic caverns." Under these beautiful structures, the local residents, gulping with astonishment, play in parks on land that is "kept open for use" by raising the roads.

There is no mistaking the overwhelming impact of the freeways, particularly in cities. "In Los Angeles you never seem to say where you are going; you explain how to get there. First you take

Have you any idea what's happening on the other side of the Wall?

NBC foreign correspondent Welles Hangen draws a graphic, totally new picture of the momentous changes going on in East Germany — its policies and prospects, its chairmen and charwomen, its economics and home life — and the startling growth of its separate national identity, comparing it in detail to the "other" Germany.

The Muted Revolution

EAST GERMANY'S CHALLENGE TO RUSSIA AND THE WEST

by WELLES HANGEN

21 photographs
$5.95 • now at better bookstores

ALFRED • A • KNOPF

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHITE PASS SKI PATROL

His high boned, young face is so brown
from the winter's sun,
the few brief lines in each green eye's
edge as of a leaf
that is not yet gone from the limb—
as of a nut which is gold or brown.

For he has become very strong
living on the slopes.
His belly and thighs are newly
lean from the thin skis.
Tough torso of the man, blue wooled.
Thin waist. White, tasseled cap of the child.

Beneath the fury of those great,
dark panes of glass, that
seem to take a man out of grace,
his gentle eyes wait.
(We feel their melancholy gaze
which is neither innocent nor wise.)

Like those knights of the winter snows—
with a healing pack
(sign of the cross on breast and back)—
serene, snow-lonely,
he patrols the beautiful peaks
and the pale wastes that slide like a beast.

Sometimes still blind from his patrol,
you'll see him pull down
from the dangerous Cascades his
heavy sledge of pain,
its odd, black booted, canvas laced
shape alive or dead, without a face.

Colors blooming in the sun he
carroms down his own
path, speeds (bending knees), dances side
to side, balancing.
Under-skis glow golden in the
snow spume around his Christiana.

And as he lifts away from us,
skis dangle like the
outstretched limbs of a frog in spring.
He swings gently in
the air, vulnerable, so much
the "poor, bare, forked" human animal.

And now he slowly rises up
over trees and snow.
He begins to grow more thin, and then
vanishes in air!
as, high in the lithe boughs of pines
the silver dross flakes silently down.

There are the shadow tracks he left
down the long, white hill
beside the lift. Wait! Look up! a
trail in the bright sky!
Breathing a wake of snow ribbons,
something has just gone over the mountain!

JOHN LOGAN

the Santa Ana Freeway, after 10 miles you change over to the Santa Monica Freeway which you stay on for 15 miles, and then turn onto the Anaheim Freeway. Then you are there." Oh yes, Halprin warns about preserving important buildings and old landmarks in existing cities. "Open spaces should be considered inviolate." And local precincts should be spared because they frequently are inhabited by "ethnic groups" whose neighborhoods have many virtues, even though these groups "have no great ability to bring pressure on City Hall." But after all, these are only things that need to be weighed in the balance on considering "community impact." The important question — one to which most of the book is devoted — is, should the freeways be at grade, depressed, elevated, stacked, tunneled, or on embankments? Halprin's most resolute belief is that soaring road interchanges embody motion experiences that can be aesthetically meaningful to the tired commuter. The highway can even be "a great adventure in choreography," a thought he admits to be inspired by "my wife, the avant-garde dancer, Ann Halprin." Indeed, we see her on pages 20 and 21, in an eighteen-frame dance sequence among the columns of an elevated freeway. Ah California!

Let me admit that *Freeways* is firmly grounded, albeit in the clouds of an American dream. When the Model A Ford appeared, many people believed it to be the great liberator which would democratize and civilize the country. With a car just outside the front door and the open road beyond, no barriers of distance mattered. No one had to be an uncomfortable stranger when motor cabins were springing up everywhere. This dream of a nation on wheels, free and happy, lasted through the depression and the war. The fact that it wasn't soon to come true didn't change things. Some of the Model A spirit's important manifestations were the New York Parkways and Robert Moses and the 1939 World's Fair. At the fair's General Motors pavilion, Norman Bel Geddes showed the city of the future where the buildings were actually *shaped* by urban highways. As things turned out, Moses of the Parkways and the World's Fair of 1939 proved poor prophets for New York. It was California that bought the dream of the Model A spirit. It seems to me not an irrelevant fact that most of those who escaped the depression in the East and the dust storms in the Midwest, came to California by car.

The Model A dream is nevertheless not conceptually dated everywhere. Los Angeles, with its built-up area of 50 by

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

80 miles, has sprawled as its new postwar freeways have spread. To say that that city has no central density misses the point: it has become a new kind of city, based on very long communication routes. In such low-density settlement the disturbance freeways can make in the urban fabric is largely irrelevant. Unlike the ruinous Boston Central Artery and San Francisco Embarcadero which smashed through densely compact cities (and the proposed Lower Manhattan Expressway, which threatened to do the same), the freeways in Los Angeles have created no giant rifts and psychological barriers. As the planned 4-mile grid is completed, the cuts, elevations and embankments of the new roads are actually shaping and enclosing the city for the first time.

However, if there are no doctrinaire objections to Mr. Halprin's book, there are still serious practical ones. It is absurd for a landscape architect-planner to consider one form of transportation alone (even though our government planners habitually do), and a bit dangerous to discuss it in these sentimental terms. Even if he were to confine himself to a discussion of the art of movement in motor vehicles, the concept of *Freeways* as his subject is obtuse. Mass communication systems are dendritic forms, like rivers with tributaries or trees with branches. The problems of automotive travel are largely unrelated to freeways, the fat, rich trunks of the dendritic systems (although Mr. Halprin's practice may be solely concerned with them). The issue is what happens out in the branches — whether a man can park by the door he seeks, and whether it's worth building a city with the area to give every possible destination and route that much unobstructed space. Among many similarly misleading accounts — whether deliberately so or not — Halprin describes the advantages of slim elevated highways without pointing out that in an urban situation the frequent access and exit ramps are what determine their size.

Freeways is mainly a vulgarization of *The View from the Road,* a book on zoom aesthetics published two and a half years ago, written by Donald Appleyard, Kevin Lynch and John Myer of the Harvard-M.I.T. Joint Center for Urban Studies. It is out of place to review *that* book here, but I am glad that Mr. Halprin's echo of it, probably destined for a larger audience, hasn't got its scholarly background and cold calculation. I mistrust discussions of art — even highway art — when it's more than likely that life is getting in the way. These books (and in particular the Appleyard-Lynch-Myer one, which would be a completely convincing account of motion studies if it were sculpture they were talking about) seem to be typically American in their piecemeal approach to planning. Having designated roads as our major national goal, and having spent practically the entire postwar generation building the highway masterpieces we once dreamed about, some of our more thoughtful professionals are now concerned with making the trip more meaningful and exciting in the next generation of highways. And should we be building more of them at all? This sort of question is asked only by practitioners in the British Buchanan Report, *Traffic in Towns.* Back in America we presumably will soon be soaring over highways designed from space-motion and "Motation" studies, while citizens frozen up tight in towns below stare incomprehensibly at our vast dark undersides.

Where the Air Is Unclear

POISONS IN THE AIR. *By Fred Warshofsky and Edward Edelson. Pocket Books. 160 pp. $1 paper.*

M. G. WURTELE

Mr. Wurtele is professor of meteorology at the University of California (Los Angeles) and the author of articles in various journals of the geophysical sciences.

It seems strange that contemporary man requires propaganda to persuade him to support political measures assuring the purity of the air he breathes and the water he drinks, or protecting the sensual pleasures afforded by his immediate environment. Yet his indifference to these immediate concerns is a fact of our social life; such propaganda is necessary. *Poisons in the Air* is a work by journalists with this aim, and as such it is a well-researched and effective book, to be recommended as a broad, up-to-date survey of the present situation in air pollution and its regulation throughout the United States.

If anyone doubts the urgency of air-pollution controls, ignoring relatively minor warnings such as that of Donora, Pa., he may consider the horrific example of the London smog of December, 1952, to which are attributable more than 4,000 deaths. The known disasters of this sort are accurately, even conservatively, reported here, together with some statistics which imply frightening forecasts for many communities which have as yet experienced from air pollution only discomfort to human life and depredation of vulnerable properties.

The problem of air pollution is a difficult one, both scientifically and socially. From the former point of view, it is to be emphasized that different communities are threatened by different pollutants, and that in many cases the threat exists without the community's even having taken the necessary technical measures to identify the major pollutants.

Certain of the common toxic substances, such as the oxides of sulphur, are primarily products of industry, released into the atmosphere in great quantities from relatively few and concentrated sources. Many urban regions of the United States are now wrestling with the problem of control of this vaporous industrial sewage, but difficult as it may seem, this goal is in the end politically attainable, as we know from examples such as that of Los Angeles. [See "Smog Today and Smog Tomorrow" by Morris Neiburger, *The Nation,* December 6, 1965.] The research, public education and legislation accomplished by this community during the past twenty years constitute a remarkable social achievement.

Yet Los Angeles still has a most serious pollution problem, attributed to the

Before you vote, be sure to read
DIRTY POLITICS
by BRUCE L. FELKNOR

An authoritative, disturbing survey of political chicanery in America by the former executive director of the Committee for Fair Campaign Practices. "It can be read with profit by all who run for office and all who vote." — JOHN CHANCELLOR, Director, Voice of America. "The proposals contained in the last chapter are deserving of the most serious consideration at all levels of government and by concerned citizens everywhere." — GEORGE ROMNEY, Governor of Michigan. Illustrated. $5.95

And don't miss

WE GIVE TO CONQUER

By ASHER BRYNES. A former consultant to Paul Hoffman of the ECA charges that the U.S. foreign aid program is a threat to world peace. $4.50

At all bookstores

W. W. Norton & Company, Inc.
New York, N.Y. 10003

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

emissions of the internal-combustion engines of 3 million automobiles. (The chief poisons of these little factories are hydrocarbons, nitrogen dioxide and carbon monoxide; but the chemistry of this smog is extremely complex.) And this type of pollution is becoming a threat to every urban area, whatever its climate. Here we run into the social fact of the absence in the automobile industry of any vigorous program of research and development. As this review is written, a federal grand jury is investigating this industry for "conspiracy to obstruct and delay development of smog devices on motor vehicles." Whatever the outcome of this investigation, whatever "device" may or may not be developed, we seem to be stuck for a good many years with no economic alternative to today's internal-combustion engine and its toxic effluents.

One aspect of pollution control which might have received greater mention in this book is the wishful tendency to recommend manipulation of the environment rather than control of the source. This has been particularly evident in Los Angeles, where tunnels bored through mountains, and fleets of helicopters or giant fires to aid convection, have been suggested. Such schemes can be shown to be uneconomic and undesirable. The meteorologist, like the chemist and engineer, is most effectively employed as a planner; and since there is every sign that our megalopolises will continue their explosive growth, the book's emphasis on urban planning is most appropriate and welcome.

The Mafia Establishment

THE MAFIA AND POLITICS. *By Michele Pantaleone. Introduction by Carlo Levi. Preface to the English edition by Denis Mack Smith. Coward-McCann. 255 pp. $5.50.*

GABRIEL GERSH

Mr. Gersh teaches at Long Island University and specializes in Mediterranean affairs. He has written for The New York Times, Saturday Review, The Progressive *and other publications.*

Michele Pantaleone is a young Socialist journalist from western Sicily, the stronghold of the Mafia, and a native of Villalba, which was also the home town of Calogero Vizzini, "Don Calo," head of the Mafia from the end of the war until his death (in bed, and highly respected) in 1954. He is more than an authority on the Mafia. Apart from Danilo Dolci, whose name has become a byword for social reform in Sicily, Mr. Pantaleone is probably the Mafia's most dogged and persistent enemy in Sicily. With great courage and at the risk of his life, he has exposed the activities of the Mafia, condemned its political influence and denounced its crimes, its violence, betrayals and complex intrigues.

The Mafia, with its spuriously romantic veneer, is a subject perfectly matched to his talents. The works of Gavin Maxwell and Norman Lewis have brilliantly given us the feel and tone of brutalized Sicily. Mr. Pantaleone's book, a collection of articles and essays on various aspects of the history and activities of the Mafia, adds to this a frightening, well-documented account of how the Mafia entrenched itself in Sicily, how it works, and how it has been allowed to work.

To understand the environment, both spiritual and material, which could encourage the development of an institution like the Mafia is difficult for a northern European or an American with his sense of order and his instinctive application of principles of social organization.

In its origins the Mafia was a form of self-help, providing rough justice against the misrule of the Bourbons and security for property owners against brigands and robbers at a time when the state was unable to do so. Its primitive code of vengeance, silence and obedience flourished in Sicily, a backward island that often seems to be only a nominal extension of Europe. Originally the Mafia had a Robin Hood aura, but soon it developed into an immense protective racket by corrupting all levels of society, by extorting money from the poor and by terrorizing and murdering those who refused to submit to its authority.

The most exciting and convincing part of Pantaleone's narrative is that which deals with the rehabilitation of the Mafia by the Allies at the end of World War II. Pantaleone produces evidence of the part played by the naive Americans — wittingly or unwittingly — in restoring the Mafia to power. In these chapters the protagonist is Don Calo, who manipulated the Allied command at will — the triumph of medieval man over modern.

It was Don Calo who in 1943 prepared for the Allies a list of names suitable for office of mayor in western Sicilian towns. He pointed out that many of them had only recently emerged from Fascist jails and the Allies did not investigate his claim that his nominees had suffered for their political ideals, rather than for their crimes ranging from robbery to murder.

At the height of his power, according to a journalist quoted by Pantaleone, Don Calo, "by making a simple telephone call, could get in touch with the Cardinal Archbishop, the Prefect, a General in command of an Army Corps, the President of the Region, a Mayor or a Deputy whenever he chose." Unfortunately, it has been under parliamentary government that this kind of influence has been successful. Mussolini, fearing the Mafia as a rival to his Fascist party, tried to crush it, though many Mafiosi received positions in the Fascist hierarchy.

The author gives a fascinating but frightening account of the way in which the Mafia reasserted its influence and power upon the return of democracy, particularly at all levels of the Christian Democrat Party. Pantaleone also deals, in horrifying detail, with the career of Salvatore Giuliano, the Sicilian bandit

The Best Way To Get THE NATION

THE NATION 10-10-66
333 Sixth Ave., New York 10014

☐ One Year, $10
☐ Two Years, $18
☐ 6 Months, $6

☐ Bill Me ☐ Payment Enclosed
(Foreign and Canadian Postage $1 a year extra)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP NO. _____

LUNCH HOUR IDYLL

Budding iris in April —
in the shadow of Trinity Church
where Wall Street begins
among stones and grass
and historic prisoners of grass.
Sandwiched between the hours
the church clock races
from graveyard to river,
the iris takes its tear-shape time.
After a long winter
the office girls sun themselves —
their coats open,
their eyes closed.

SAUL TOUSTER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

who was ruthlessly used, then as ruthlessly betrayed, by the Mafia. Here one sees how far and deep the corruption extends. What could be expected from the Christian Democrat government in Rome, when it had so plainly negotiated with the bandits? Or the Christian Democrats in Sicily, who had gladly used the Mafia to enforce their ends? Or the police and *carabinieri,* cynically engaged in a phantom campaign, whose end was not to capture Giuliano but to keep him at large as long as he was useful?

The book provides a vivid account of how the "old" Mafia of the feudal estates has been overrun by the "new" Mafia of the industrial towns since the war. The old Mafia was mainly rurally based, though with extensive ramifications among the professional classes and in the church (two of Don Calo's uncles were bishops), unobtrusive in its activities and respectful of each other's spheres of influence. The new Mafia of the towns is dominated by gangs returned from America, deals in narcotics, has international contacts, is flashy in appearance and brutal in style.

The struggle for supremacy has been so bloody that the various Mafias have tried to cooperate in an effort to settle disputes amicably rather than shoot it out in the streets of Palermo. A Mafia tribunal has been formed to adjudicate disputes among the gangs. However, the new Mafia is assured of victory and it is a victory which is hardly threatened by the prospect of a final elimination of Sicilian feudalism and underdevelopment — indeed the new Mafia is the product of a boom environment.

Public indignation and the courage of a few Italian journalists and social reformers like the author and Danilo Dolci have led to the creation of a parliamentary commission to investigate the Mafia's doings, and a number of Mafiosi have been either arrested or deported to other parts of Italy. Does this mean that the end of the Mafia's influence and activity is in sight? It is well over three years since Parliament set up the commission, yet when Dolci denounced a former minister to the commission, it was he, not the minister, who found himself on trial.

To destroy the Mafia altogether will be a difficult task because of its grip on a people whose spirit has been crushed and whose conscience has been anesthetized in a prolonged climate of fear, illiteracy and suspicion of the outside world. In the continuing attempt, Pantaleone's book, a first-rate story of adventure and intrigue set in its proper historical and social context, is also a work of courageous activism.

THEATRE / Harold Clurman

If someone should tell you that Edward Albee's *A Delicate Balance* is a brilliant play (which it is), ask: "What is its theme?" If another declares that it is very well written (also true), insist on knowing exactly how. And if its staging is praised, try to discover in what regard.

One might discuss the play's accomplishment in the context of its craftsmanship: a slight plot suffices to sustain a long evening and to maintain suspense. In *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* this was achieved through the sparkling venom of the dialogue. The new play proceeds through a continuous enrichment of its theme. Its style crystallizes its meaning.

The play dramatizes discomfort. Its world is not absurd and it is not cruel; it is without comfort. Here one's soul finds no resting place, no spiritual security. The distress that plagues it is all the more acute for being encased in a glittering shell. This private world which is Albee's, to a greater degree than most of us know or care to admit, is largely ours as well.

The most important names...The most significant ideas...
are coming to you from the new

UNIVERSAL LIBRARY

Just Published:

Harry Braverman
THE FUTURE OF RUSSIA
UL-201 $1.95
An analysis of what is happening in Russia today: economically, politically, socially. "Hard-headed, bold and brilliant." *The Washington Post*
–Stephen S. Rosenfeld

Justus Buchler
NATURE AND JUDGMENT
UL-207 $2.65
A general philosophy of experience, that provides new insight into human behavior. Judgment, Query, Experience and Meaning are the titles of each chapter.

Louis de Broglie
PHYSICS AND MICROPHYSICS
UL-206 $2.25
Nobel prize winner Louis de Broglie discusses the basic ideas of modern physics.

Ilya Ehrenburg
MEMOIRS: 1921-1941
UL-203 $2.95
An account of international, literary and political life in the twenties and thirties by Russia's leading writer. "A carefully polished mirror of those flawed times."
Andrew Field–*Book Week*

Joseph Gies
BRIDGES AND MEN
UL-205 $2.95
An historic survey of bridges and the men who built them from the first cavemen to 20th century engineers.

Conor Cruise O'Brien
TO KATANGA AND BACK:
A UN Case History
UL-196 $2.45
A personal memoir of the author's experience as UN representative in Africa. "...this book is a remarkable contribution to historical literature."
The New Statesman

John Bardach
DOWNSTREAM:
A Natural History of the River
UL-197 $2.95
The life-story of any river, and the plant and animal life it supports. "This is a book to read from cover to cover, to browse in, to use as a reference, to learn from."
Christian Science Monitor
–Marian Sorenson

Howard Moss
THE MAGIC LANTERN OF MARCEL PROUST
UL-200 $1.95
A brilliant critical study of *Remembrance of Things Past* which explores the novel's theme and complex imagery.

M. L. Rosenthal
A PRIMER OF EZRA POUND
UL-199 $1.45
A concise, factual, well-documented guide to the poetry of Ezra Pound.

A. L. Rowse
CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE:
HIS LIFE AND TIME
UL-198 $2.65
A vivid biography of Marlowe by one of the world's foremost historians of the Elizabethan Age.

Henry Green
BACK
UL-204 $2.25
A story about a man's return from war "to find everything the same—and at the same time different."

Maurice Valency
THE FLOWER AND THE CASTLE:
An Introduction to Modern Drama
UL-202 $2.95
A provocative introduction to modern drama, with particular attention to Henrik Ibsen and August Strindberg.

Recently Published:

Hermann Broch, with an introduction by Hannah Arendt.
THE DEATH OF VIRGIL
UL-184 $2.95
"Perhaps the best novel by a European since Thomas Mann's *The Magic Mountain*" *The New Yorker*

D. W. Brogan
THE PRICE OF REVOLUTION
UL-195 $1.95
A history of major political upheavals ranging from the American Revolution to the present day.

Stanley Edgar Hyman
THE TANGLED BANK:
Darwin, Marx, Frazer and Freud as Imaginative Writers
UL-193 $2.45
A study of the four most significant thinkers of the past century and of the ideas that shaped our time.

James Joll
THE ANARCHISTS
UL-191 $2.45
A richly documented history of anarchism from its origins in philosophy after the French Revolution to its failure in action in the Spanish Civil War. "The best survey of the subject." *Times (London) Literary Supplement*

Junichiro Tanizaki
THE MAKIOKA SISTERS
UL-190 $2.45
"The most important Japanese novel published in the years following the war." *The Saturday Review*

Franco Venturi
ROOTS OF REVOLUTION
UL-192 $3.45
"Not only intellectual history in the grand manner. It is as exciting as an oversized panoramic Russian novel."
Bertram D. Wolfe, *New York Times Book Review*

GROSSET & DUNLAP, INC.
51 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10010

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FREE! With every new subscription to THE NATION

Report on
THE JOHN BIRCH SOCIETY 1966
by the authors of
Danger on the Right
Benjamin R. Epstein
and Arnold Forster

A Vintage Book V-858 $1.45

THE BIRCHERS:

- Who they are
- What they want
- How they work
- The real extent of their power and influence today

"This is pamphleteering in the classic sense. The authors who have collaborated on previous books, including *Report on the Ku Klux Klan*, are never shrill. The Report is a revealing tour through the theory and practice of the philosophy of Robert Welch and the influential forces behind him."

—William Hogan in the *San Francisco Chronicle*

For your **FREE** copy of **REPORT ON THE JOHN BIRCH SOCIETY**, fill out the coupon below, and start receiving **THE NATION**, this country's oldest (1865) weekly journal of opinion.

THE NATION 333 Sixth Avenue New York, N.Y. 10014

Herewith is my order and payment for a NEW subscription to **The Nation.** Please send me FREE a copy of **REPORT ON THE JOHN BIRCH SOCIETY.**

☐ One Year, $10 ☐ Two Years, $18 ☐ 6 Months, $6
(Foreign and Canadian postage: $1 per year extra)

NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
CITY ..... STATE ..... ZIP No.....

10-10-66

What produces this "plague"? We love and cannot bear one another. We need our fellow men desperately, yet cannot reconcile ourselves to their otherness. We yearn for closeness, yet a dismal distance separates us.

This is seldom apparent to us because we are not savages or hoodlums: we generally treat one another with courtesy. In *A Delicate Balance* we are, in contrast to *The Zoo Story*, among sophisticated circumstances. There is an unnatural elegance about the environment. The talk is colloquial enough to be thoroughly American and elaborate enough to approximate the speech of an 18th-century drawing-room play. This is deliberate. Albee wishes us to be at home and yet to remove us to a more abstract sphere. His people are familiar and somehow strangers. They are personae — masks. Ordinary words and phrases are transformed into a special language which we never hear spoken except on a stage. It removes us from the mundane; while it is peculiarly attractive it also disturbs and makes for a slight but persistent uneasiness. It hides its hurt and hate. It is not realism but perhaps high comedy. A jazzy decorum, usually euphonious, is the mark of an extreme tension.

The characters are well-to-do, though we never know how they earn their living. (The absence of a specific background passes unnoticed because the time of the play's action is compressed into thirty hours of a weekend.) A country club is mentioned; we are presumably in the sleek suburbia.

Middle-aged Agnes is the family's fulcrum: she keeps its balance by the force of propriety. Her husband, Tobias, is evasive, taciturn, suppressed: he is rarely allowed to finish a sentence. He is reasonable and invariably correct. Everything painful or messy, all emotional anarchy is firmly checked by Agnes.

Claire, Agnes' sister, is the dissonant but ineffectual voice of dissent. A resolute alcoholic, or more accurately, she asserts, a drunk, she understands everything but is incapable of decided action. She is a rebellious "outsider," herself in need of protection. She cannot even declare her desire for her brother-in-law.

Agnes and Tobias have had a son, who died. She wanted another child, but the shock of the boy's death has filled Tobias with terror at the idea of bringing new life into the world. As a result, his sex appetite is arrested. There is a daughter, Julia, who has been thrice married and divorced. On her return home we learn that she has left her husband.

Into this household where good manners barely clamp the lid on hysteria,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

come Harry and Edna, members of the country club. They have come to stay permanently. They have no other explanation for their intrusion except that they are *frightened*. Their fear is all the more scary for being without defined cause. They proclaim their right to take refuge in their best friends' home. Julia, who seeks solace in the bosom of her family — a cold bosom since there can be little warmth where so much is repressed — resents these friends who have pre-empted her room. She demands that her parents order Harry and Edna out.

The decision falls to Tobias because, as Agnes points out, by his very passivity Tobias has actually ruled the hearth. In the crucial confrontation of the play Tobias, through an anguished confession, finally takes a stand, the kind of moral decision that most of us seldom make. Though he has never really felt "one" with Harry, never really loved him and wishes he had never been troubled by Harry's sudden dependence on him, he pleads with Harry to stay. For they are *friends* and what does friendship mean unless it goes to the limit of giving all one has to give?

This scene might have been a trite bid for sympathy, in accordance with the Broadway stage code which demands that you must root for someone in every play. But the situation is saved from sentimentality when we hear Harry's admission that he would not have allowed Tobias to live with him if the case were reversed. Harry and Edna leave. Neither man is a good or a bad person. They are just folk. What Albee means to convey through them and the others is the almost insuperable difficulty of loving one's neighbor, and the absolute necessity of behaving with love despite that difficulty.

It would be beside the point at this juncture to compare Albee's play with those of foreign authors who treat adjacent themes. One must first of all recognize the American accent in Albee, his individuality. Nor will it profit us to resist him at present because his vision is not yet broad enough to give his subject greater scope. The play has social relevance, though in this vein insufficient social extension or precise dramatization. Like so many of his generation Albee is as yet too self-absorbed for the broader exertion. His present success lies in the very deft objectivation of his inner state. Our reservations should not mar our appreciation. The play is a further step in the author's progress: it is superior to the more sensational *Virginia Woolf*.

The production is technically proficient. In most cases I am content to indicate as much and let it go at that because I am thoroughly aware how ungrateful an undertaking it is in our disorganized theatre to do full justice to a subtle play.

Able and sympathetic actors have been cast in all the parts, but several of them have been miscast. As performance, Hume Cronyn's is the best. He understands Tobias, he is relaxed and true; he has feeling. But since the play deals in *types* — notice that none of the characters is given a family name — something more is involved than the actor's personal merit.

Alan Schneider, the director, has realized that the play requires a certain reserve or coolness of statement. For this reason he has avoided insisting on seething emotion. Still, his method does not convey the play's quality. Tobias should not be rendered as a "little man" (I am not speaking of height) but as an outwardly imposing figure, a very "senator" of a man, a pillar of our business community in whom the springs of sensibility have begun to dry through disuse. The welling up of his being in the play's crisis would then become more stirring and, what is more important, exemplary. The "little man" of the play is Harry who as cast looks more like a Tobias.

Edna too should have a humbler look instead of the bearing of command Carmen Matthews assumes by her very presence. Thus when Edna claims her and her husband's right as friends she should not appear self-righteous but pathetically lost. Jessica Tandy, as handsome as a Gainsborough portrait, hews close to the director's "line" for Agnes, but this can only become dramatically moving through her almost heroic effort to control the surrounding as well as the inner havoc — the very thing which makes her suspect, in hope more than in dread, that she might some day go mad. This note is absent from Miss Tandy's playing. Her daughter Julia should give the impression of having been the pride of her "Vassar" class, a woman efficiently bright and smartly sexy whose clamorous outbreak should strike us as something entirely unpredictable. Marian Seldes looks as though she had always been as sensitive as a violin string. Rosemary Murphy is effective as the bibulous sister, but through the directorial unbalance she has been edged toward a complacent comedic comment. There is not sufficient torment beneath her sallies.

William Ritman's setting is just what the author has asked for but does not create the style or mood the play demands: a wan space in which amid the status-stamped appointments loneliness creeps under the door and pervades the proceedings like a fog. Such a setting need not appear obviously anti-realistic. Robert Edmond Jones, for example, knew how — through the disposition of properties, lights and colors — to make a setting speak a dramatic message without obstructing the audience's recognition of practical topography.

These critical remarks should not mitigate my readers' obligation to see the play at the Martin Beck. *A Delicate Balance* deserves our close attention. There will be very few new American plays this season to warrant the same.

All quibbles aside, the evening of poetry and folk music by American Negroes under the title *A Hand Is on the Gate* at the Longacre Theatre should also be attended during its limited run. Poems and songs are given by a splendidly attractive company: Leon Bibb, Roscoe Lee Browne, Gloria Foster, Moses Gunn, Ellen Holly, James Earl Jones, Josephine Premice, Cicely Tyson.

WORLD'S BEST?

TRY IT AND SEE

☐ 7-month subscription —$4.79 (reg. $8 per year)

☐ Commentary Card catalog—10¢ (handsome reproductions of historic Jewish art)

COMMENTARY NA
165 East 56th Street
New York, N.Y. 10022

Name
Address
City State Zip

are you your own boss?

If you are, there's a new law allowing you to set up a fund for your retirement... and obtain substantial tax benefits, too. Our specialists will be happy to explain the benefits to you, and customize a retirement plan to suit your needs. Just write or call.

Matt Jaffe ASSOCIATES, LTD.

INSURANCE SPECIALISTS
431 Fifth Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10016
MU 4-5779

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RECORDS / Benjamin Boretz

BACH: *St. John Passion.* Kurt Equiluz, Max van Egmond, Jacques Villisch, Bert van t'Hoff, Siegfried Schneeweis, vocal soloists; Wiener Sängknaben, Chorus Viennensia, Concentus Musicus, Wien; Hans Gillesberger, cond. Telefunken SKH 19.

The events through which the *St. John Passion* unfolds are notably monodimensional and direct among Bach's large-scale works, with a one-to-one relationship between the effective time-scale and dramatic functionality of each section of text, and the texture and phraseology of its musical projection that is almost perfunctory in comparison with the inexhaustible subtlety and depth of ramification and development within and among sections that characterizes the later *St. Matthew Passion.* In this respect, the *St. John* is closer to the *Magnificat,* the *Ascension Oratorio* and some of the middle-period cantatas than to the other *Passion.* The most evident quality shared by these works is their presentation of first-rate initial ideas that are often conventionally developed or rigidly sustained, with the result that one senses either a truncation (especially in the *Magnificat*) or an over-extension (especially in the *Ascension Oratorio*). Accordingly, they require in performance an especially sharp delineation of the characteristic profile and texture of each event; otherwise the undifferentiated continuity is simply fatal to the sustained perception of a work as long as the *St. John Passion.*

It is necessary to raise such considerations to explain why a performance as conscientious, delicately played and sung, and precise as the one on the present recording must yet be regarded as an ultimately unsatisfactory representation of the work. The principal problem appears to be Hans Gillesberger's overdiscreetness in articulating dynamic accents and inflections, and the oversimilarity he imposes on the sonority, tempo and texture of the sections. But the distinction prevalent in other aspects of the performance, enhanced by the lovely, sonorous framework produced by using the "original" Bach-era instruments, makes it difficult to dismiss this album without regret.

BERNSTEIN: *Chichester Psalms. Facsimile.* Camerata Singers, New York Philharmonic; Leonard Bernstein, cond. Columbia ML 6192/MS 6792.

COPLAND: *Dance Symphony.* MORTON GOULD: *Spirituals for Orchestra.* Chicago Symphony Orchestra; Morton Gould, cond. RCA Victor LM/LSC 2850.

Leonard Bernstein's *Chichester Psalms* are mostly innocent, inoffensive little choral pastiches that have none of either the ambitions or the problems—and hence none of the interest either—of his earlier *Kaddisch.* Their superimposition (especially in the final *Psalm*) of a "Broadway" manner onto a traditional choral context recalls Kurt Weill; but even Bernstein's finale is unable to match the sheer Broadway vulgarism of Weill's own *Kaddisch,* since it lacks the ultimate daring of Weill in invoking real "blue" chords to articulate liturgically climactic moments.

Aaron Copland's *Dance Symphony* is interesting mainly as an index of the influences on his formative years; in particular, the signature of Prokofiev's *Scythian Suite* throughout the work reveals, rather surprisingly, how importantly Prokofiev's work must have impinged on Copland's experience during this period. Otherwise, there is little in the *Symphony* that one would recognize as a typical Copland sonority or event, aside from a certain spareness of statement and sections where the virtual absence of events over long spans creates, in context, a special sense of "suspended" continuity.

Morton Gould is the arch-professional in the domain of sonically clever arrangers' music; the *Spirituals* are as "modern," "jazzy," "rhythmic," as could be

What hope is there for the young Negro?

THE YOUNG NEGRO IN AMERICA: 1960-1980 by SAMUEL D. PROCTOR, former Special Assistant to Sargent Shriver asks: What's ahead in his education? In jobs, politics, social equality? How much should he rely on white friends? What must he do now for himself? $3.95

ASSOCIATION PRESS, N.Y. 10007

COMMENTARY

WORLD'S BEST MAGAZINE?

SEE FOR YOURSELF

☐ 7 Mo. Trial $4.79

☐ 12 Mo. $8.00

COMMENTARY, NA
165 East 56 St., NY, NY
☐ Bill me.
☐ Check enclosed.
Name.....
Address.....
Zip.....
Outside USA + $1/yr.

ASYLUM

After the tour was over, we drove home
Past probing steeples of the radar screen
For Greater Philadelphia. The screams
Of jets bounced back from high walls of the sky;
Beyond the Industrial Highway, orange gloom
Hung over rows of intricate towers moored
In the river by the Navy Yard.
Upstream, the bleak spires of our city loomed,
But on that island we had come from
Sycamores arched across the water.
Peacocks, elegant in saunter, leaned
Cockaded heads in a rage toward us—they'd scream,
Scream us away. In the rhododendron
With mâchicoulis of Sears Roebuck picket fencing,
Purple battlements behind a vermilion drawbridge
Menaced the implausible Poconos.
Ten yards away, above the falls,
The good ship thwarts the current. Steady oars
Sweep long ripples as the gig
Glides nowhere on matched fours.
Imperial Marines lean back to pull
In everlasting fealty to their Admiral
The Emperor, who paces on the parapet.
Astern, a waterwheel is turning—what intricacies
Of crankshaft rig it to the dummy oarsmen!
—A classic therapy, they amusedly explain—
This is his life,
He's harmless in his kingdom.

DANIEL HOFFMAN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Say No to Johnson's War with dollars & ballots

The November elections pose a test of confidence in Lyndon Johnson. Every vote cast for an opponent of the war in Viet Nam is a vote against the belligerent foreign policy of the Johnson administration and the deceptions with which it has undermined democratic institutions.

In Congressional districts around the country, a grass roots movement for peace is challenging the destructive consensus of the cold war; in many of these, electoral victory can now transform dissent into real political power.

Almost alone in Washington, a handful of Senators and Congressmen has been seeking to put the issues of this war before the people. They must be joined by others on all levels of government and throughout the country. This will not happen unless Americans care deeply enough to support "new politics" candidates against the "old politics" of military intervention abroad and racial and economic injustice at home.

The National Conference for New Politics is assisting issues-oriented liberals, peace and civil rights activists and anti-poverty organizations who are striving to win elections. It is a co-operative effort to provide financial, research and human resources to those candidacies and constituencies speaking clearly for peace and a full scale assault on the root causes of poverty. It is now abundantly clear that the cost of the war has doomed hopes of any meaningful attack on our slums and ghettos. We can no longer be satisfied with politicians who whisper sentiments for peace in private that they fear to utter in public.

In recent months the conference has contributed large sums of money and services to candidates in Alabama and Mississippi, New York and California and elsewhere across the nation. Particularly disheartening, however, were those close contests in which a few thousand dollars might have meant the difference between defeat and victory.

This time we want to make sure that pliant supporters of Lyndon Johnson's war do not go to Congress because the "new politics" of peace is short of funds. Moreover, we are convinced that growing numbers of Americans see the need to continue the efforts of political organization and education beyond the November elections, if our country is to turn back to the ways of peace and fulfill the long delayed promise of equality for all its citizens.

This is our opportunity to transform dissent into real political power. Send a contribution today to help elect public officials of conscience and courage who will not be manipulated into silence.

Please! Make your check payable to NCNP and mail it now.

"I happen to hold to the point of view that it isn't going to be too long before the American people repudiate our war in Southeast Asia."

Senator Wayne Morse
Senate Foreign Relations Committee Hearing
February 17, 1966

National Conference for New Politics

Julian Bond — Simon Casady
National Co-Chairmen

The Rev. William Sloane Coffin, Jr.
Chaplain, Yale University

Benjamin Spock, M.D.
Pediatrician

Members NCNP National Board

National Conference for New Politics N
250 West 57th Street, New York 10019

I enclose $_____ for the '66 campaigns of peace and civil rights candidates.

I pledge $_____.

I wish to assist NCN's fund-raising efforts. ☐

I wish to volunteer for campaign work. ☐

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip Code_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

desired of a consummately sophisticated popularizer. The real craft and know-how of this kind of music invariably makes the pseudo-popularizers-*cum*-profundity of the Blitzstein - Harris - Schuman - Menotti kind seem clumsy and amateurish by comparison. Gould's capacities extend to his conducting as well; what he achieves with this most capable of orchestras is stunningly brilliant in rhythm and sound.

BEETHOVEN: String Quartets Op. 74 and 95. The Weller Quartet. London CM 9431/CS 6431.

BRAHMS: String Quartets Op. 51, Nos. 1 and 2. The Weller Quartet. London CM 9432/CS 6432.

HAYDN: String Quartets Op. 33, Nos. 1-6. The Weller Quartet. London CMA 7214/CSA 2214.

The playing of the Weller Quartet, despite the youth of its members, is an almost totally faithful representation of the Viennese chamber-music performance tradition, with a few "modernizing" variances. Thus, regardless of the music being performed, the same maximally glucous sonority is maintained, with unbroken, sliding connectivity in all pitch successions, and an articulative approach that mainly involves maximal lingering and distension at every possible structural juncture, however subsidiary. This is accompanied by a consistent application, judiciously varied, of a large repertory of dynamic swells that substitute an imperceptible note initiation rising to a mid-point accent and slow decay for any sense of individual attack or phrasing. The "modern" aspects of the Weller Quartet's performances consist primarily of somewhat brisker tempos than are characteristic of older groups (apparently they are able to pack their full range of expressive inflection on each note into less time) and somewhat less exaggerated elongation at articulation points. As ever, the competence of any given performance depends entirely on the degree to which the invariant approach happens to correspond to the inherent qualities of the particular piece involved; of these recordings, only the Brahms Quartets survive by virtue of the clarity they impose on a texturally dense, articulatively continuous surface. And it probably ought to be noted that the Weller Quartet appears completely competent mechanically and musically, to realize its chosen instrumental and interpretive objectives.

FILMS / Robert Hatch

As fast as possible, the pictures that were successfully showcased last month at the New York Film Festival are being brought into the first-run houses. The impulse to cash in on the publicity is natural enough (indeed, that seems to be largely what the festival is all about), but some of the films may find the Lincoln Center tiara a rather abashing embellishment in their commercial runs.

For example, *The Shameless Old Lady*, adapted and directed by René Allio from a story by Bertolt Brecht. It is almost impossible to talk about this movie without seeming to patronize it — it is so sweet, so prettily done (and so lacking the satiric impudence we associate with Brecht). It is a work to be dropped in on, and any more formal approach is too much for it.

The method of the film is to exploit the resources of the French actress, Sylvie, in the title role. She is indeed splendid, but she is also so evidently meant to be seen as splendid that the picture keeps falling off into a demonstration of acting rather than getting on with the acting itself. Any fellow actor might profit from observing Sylvie prepare and eat a simple widow's supper, and any fellow actor might despair of ever catching the trick whereby Sylvie indicates that a gleam has come into her eye. But the public profits more when acting of this caliber is sublimated into a performance.

The fault is not in Sylvie but in the "salesmanship" with which the camera shows her off, and in the fact that, lacking material of any great substance to work with, she falls back, as good craftsmen do, on technique. For the story is fluff. An old woman of Marseilles, having spent her life drudging for a large and largely unappreciative family, emerges in widowhood as a bombazine butterfly and sips nectar for her final eighteen months. She is helped in this by the neighborhood trollop and a flamboyant anarchist cobbler who adopt her and her life's capital. Her family, whose own jarring lives are shown in flashes, watch in bourgeois outrage as she is made use of with a tender gaiety they never offered. And that is it — a thoroughly sentimental little tour de force for a rainy afternoon. I have read that old people may be expected to enjoy the film; I should think they would find it unbearable.

The supporting cast is visually strong — a group of vital men and women — but they all seem a little exaggerated, as though they were running hard to keep pace with Sylvie, who can outdistance any of them with contemptuous ease.

Masculine Feminine was one of two Jean-Luc Godard films screened at Lincoln Center (the other, Belmondo in *Pierre le Fou* which has not yet opened commercially). It is good in its detail, rather frustrating overall. No one yet has found how to make a substantial creative work out of one of the current dominant "social" themes: the alleged entropy of contemporary youth. Since by definition these boys and girls do nothing from conviction or in any consistent pattern, it is possible to show them in vignettes, but bafflingly difficult to set them in a dramatic frame that an outsider can understand and retain. It is said that the "scene" is subject enough, and that may be true for the section of the audience that is watching its own autobiography; for the others, these reports on youth adrift may seem no more than the extended preparation for a scene that never gets under way. (In fact, Godard attributes his narrative to Guy de Maupassant, but considering that a narrative is precisely what fails to unroll, the credit seems only bizarre.)

Godard attempts to give some current to the eddying of his young people by interpolating episodes of unpredictable, anonymous violence; these seem to punctuate the random motion and at the same time suggest that needing to hold themselves anesthetized from just such shocks is what has produced this unfocused generation. True, they declare themselves opposed to the war in Vietnam, but one gets the feeling that for these French boys and girls one attraction of the stand is that their views are so irrelevant to what takes place as to reinforce their general position of estrangement.

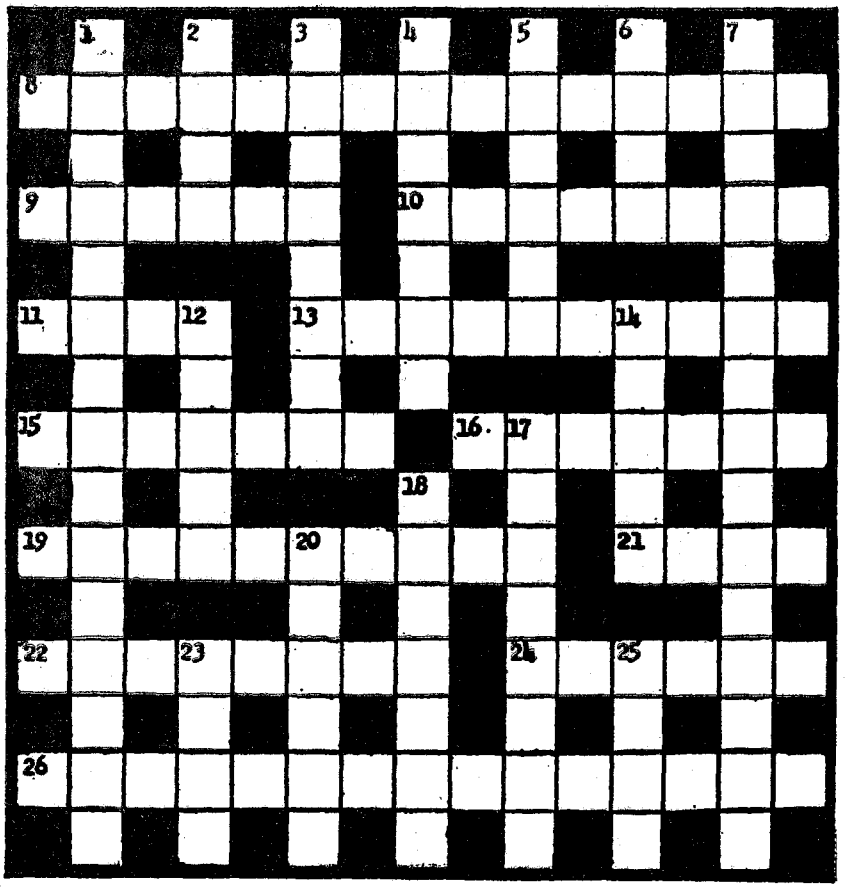
Beyond that, *Masculine Feminine* is in its detail a warm and ingratiating picture because Godard is so clearly fond of his wan hipsters. He has noticed, and makes affectionate use of, their folk customs: the moments of wild, symbolic revolt that spring without warning out of lethargy; the laughless wit based on self-mockery; the wide-eyed sexual frankness; the habit of submitting one another to searching personal interrogations in lieu of conversation. He finds a darling innocence in these underage hedonists that gives his picture a glow, if not exactly a point.

Or at least he finds it in the boys. His girls, by contrast, seem cold, self-watchful and narrowly competent. It may be that Godard has more sympathy for boys; or perhaps he feels that if girls would only make the traditional home-and-babies demand of the boys, this generation would get itself on the road at last. If so, it is very French bourgeois of him.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Crossword Puzzle No. 1170

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

8 Couldn't be trusted with a certain weekly magazine, by reputation! (15)
9 Point to the timekeeper for a sample! (6)
10 Sort of bored after the fighting for play clothes! (8)
11 Aims for quits! (4)
13 Sort of rune believed to be not bought back. (10)
15 A movement of the barrier around the platform. (7)
16 Those who might not let you read fliers, in a sense. (7)
19 Reckoning funny fellows show which way the game went? (10)
21 And this divided, etc., should be before long. (4)
22 Trophy committee supervisors in the cabinet? (8)
24 When the monarch loses his head, he might be disturbed by such quarters. (6)
26 Go formal? (5, 2, 8)

DOWN:

1 Artistic descriptions the traveling salesman might be used to? (7, 8)
2 Charge made by one in a race? (4)
3 Where washers might be properly seated. (8)
4 He also might make a charge in the race, but not like 2. (7)
5 Slept soundly, obviously. (6)
6 Start agitation in prison? (4)
7 A flip remark of the loser, possibly. (6, 2, 7)
12 Sounds like what one shouldn't do in flight. (5)
14 Birds in the wilderness. (5)
17 Do they promise to cover your losses in England? (8)
18 Future explanation might enable one to do so. (7)
20 A corny combination, but it might draw well. (6)
23 Might it tie up the stock? (4)
25 Is this a bad sign in almost the last state? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1169

ACROSS: 1 Blarney stone; 9 and 20 As slick as a whistle; 10 Iris; 11 Detailed; 12 Greece; 13 Inter; 15 Potbelly; 16 Agitates; 19 Newer; 21 Sonata; 22 Retailer; 24 Utes; 25 Interstate; 26 Pamphleteers. DOWN: 2 Listening posts; 3 Reliant; 4 Excel; 5 Stand up; 6 Orangutan; 7 Epicene; 8 Circular letter; 14 Ritualism; 17 Tears up; 18 Scratch; 23 Terse.

Readers are invited to send for a free copy of Mr. Lewis' "ground rules." Address requests to Puzzle Dept., *The Nation*, 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10014

PUBLICATIONS

Antidote to Capote
History in the Open
Why fester in quicklime morbidness with his Dust-Bowl ghouls in locale of sodden dreariness when just beyond loom Rockies tops lit up gloriously (p. 85-87). Other episodes galore, all U.S. annals. **PANORAMAS**, concise text, unique insights. A real book innovation, its super-graphic pages absorbed at a glance.
$8 postpd., 200 pp., cloth
B. F. JOHNSON
Box 2306, San Diego, Calif. 92112

HOMOSEXUAL theme fiction, non-fiction listing available free. **Trojan Book Service, Box 2121B, Philadelphia, Pa. 19103.**

SEX OFFENDERS: An Analysis of Types/ Gebhard. Send $12.50 to: **J. Marie Brower, 7800 Essington, Philadelphia, Pa. 19153.**

"SELECTED POEMS" of George Flynn (Villiers of London, $2.00) is "the most exciting American poetry since Ezra Pound."— James Turner. **Available in U.S. from the author at 544 — 82 St., Brooklyn 9, N. Y.**

THE IDLER. Lively, offbeat liberal monthly. Fun to read. Send $2 for trial year's subscription. **IDLER, 413 6th Street, N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002**

WORLD DEMOCRACY. By **Bin Dir Woor.** Self-Designated Symbolical World President. Unique. Entrancing. $2. **Greenwich Book Publishers, 262 7th Avenue, New York City.** Bin Dir Woor's "Self-Designation" is only half of the story. Bin Dir Woor cites the Bible and thousands of visions of Christ, angels, and the holy dead, to prove that **World Democracy** is a divine world ideal. He calls on total humanity to work and pray, both before and after death, for a **World Democracy.**

Jack Ruby Accuses LBJ: New evidence on the Dallas assassination: **"Pardon My Grief"** by **Pen Jones. $3.01. Midlothian Mirror, Midlothian, Texas.**

ART

ORIGINALS COST LESS THAN REPRODUCTIONS! Contemporary original signed etchings, lithographs, woodcuts, $3.50. Guarantee. Free brochure. **GRAPHIC CIRCLE (NA), 68 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C. 10011.**

SERVICES

MOVING? Professional moving at competitive rates. Anytime, anywhere. Licensed, insured, experienced. **THE COVERED WAGON, ALgonquin 5-1788 (N.Y.C.)**

PERSONALS

NEW religion for Catholics, Protestants, Jews, Atheists. Free details. **L. J. Casselman, 1301 H Street, Sacramento, Calif. 95814.**

PUBLISHER'S EDITOR — Analyzes manuscripts; revises fiction, non-fiction. French-English. **Box 594, c/o The Nation.**

BUY YOUR BOOKS through *The Nation*

Nation readers can avail themselves of our offer to send them any book (except paperbacks), published in the U.S., at the regular retail price post-free. When ordering, please give name and author and publisher, if possible. Remittance must accompany order. Make checks payable to The Nation.

Please address your orders to

THE NATION
Reader's Service Division
333 Sixth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10014

Composition by R.C.R. Publication Printers Corp., N.Y.C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHO SAYS ALL RECORD CLUBS ARE ALIKE?

NOW COMPARE THE "BIG 4" RECORD CLUBS

Record Club of America gives you All Labels... at 33⅓% savings... and often up to 75%... AND DOESN'T FORCE YOU TO BUY EVEN A SINGLE RECORD

	CLUB A (As Advertised in PLAYBOY January 1965)	CLUB B (As Advertised in McCALL'S February 1966)	CLUB C (As Advertised in PARADE January 16, 1966)	RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA
CAN YOU CHOOSE FROM ALL LABELS INCLUDING LATEST RELEASES?	NO	NO	NO	YES! Choose any LP, on any label! Mono and Stereo! No exceptions! Over 300 different manufacturers including CAPITOL, COLUMBIA, RCA VICTOR, ANGEL, VOX, VERVE, DECCA, LONDON, etc. Even latest releases are available at once — no waiting.
MUST YOU BUY A "MINIMUM" NUMBER OF RECORDS? HOW MANY?	6	8	2	NONE! No obligations! No yearly "quota"! Take as many, as few, or no records at all if you so decide!
CAN YOU BUY ANY RECORD YOU WANT AT A DISCOUNT?	NO	NO	NO	ALWAYS! Your discounts are never less than 33⅓% — and are often as high as 75% — on every record you buy! No exceptions!
DO YOU EVER RECEIVE UNORDERED RECORDS?	YES	YES	YES	NEVER! There are no cards which you must return. Only the records you want are sent — and only when you ask us to send them!
HOW LONG MUST YOU WAIT FOR SELECTIONS TO ARRIVE?	5 to 6 WEEKS	5 to 6 WEEKS	5 to 6 WEEKS	NO LONG WAITS! YOUR ORDER PROCESSED SAME DAY RECEIVED!

If Record Club of America is that good — where's the catch?

There is no catch! Here is truly one Record Club with no restrictions

- ★ Choose any LP... on any label! No exceptions... Mono and Stereo — including latest releases!
- ★ No "quotas" to buy! Take 0 records — or 100!
- ★ SAVE — never less than 33⅓% off list... often up to 75%!
- ★ All orders processed same day received — no long waits!
- ★ Every record brand new, first quality, factory fresh — and guaranteed fully returnable!

TYPICAL "DOUBLE DISCOUNT" SALE

Sugg. List Price $3.79 and $3.98 — **BEST SELLERS... ONLY $1.89 & $1.98**

Tijuana Brass	Ferrante & Teicher	The Supremes
Al Hirt	Peter, Paul & Mary	Henry Mancini
Bill Cosby	Sonny & Cher	The Righteous Bros.

Sugg. List Price $4.79 and $4.98 — **BEST SELLERS... ONLY $2.39 & $2.49**

Frank Sinatra	Getz-Gilberto	Ramsey Lewis
Arthur Fiedler	Birgit Nilsson	Segovia

Sugg. List Price $4.98 — Everest & Vox Classical Albums — **...ONLY $1.77**

... plus more than ½ off on famous labels: Audio Fidelity, Command, Westminster, Roulette, Mercury, Angel, MGM, Verve, Deutsche Grammophon and others

FREE! 300-page Schwann Catalog to pick your albums from when you join Record Club of America

GIANT CATALOG lists all records of all manufacturers. Over 300 labels with discounts from 33⅓% to 75% — Over 30,000 albums — CLASSICAL, instrumental and vocal—POPULAR, vocal and instrumental — JAZZ — FOLK — SOUNDTRACKS, Broadway and Hollywood—SPOKEN WORD—ROCK-n' ROLL—COMEDY—RHYTHM & BLUES—COUNTRY & WESTERN—DANCING—LISTENING...

AT LAST! A RECORD CLUB WITH NO "OBLIGATIONS"—ONLY BENEFITS!

This is the way YOU want it — a record club with no strings attached! Ordinary record clubs make you choose from just a few labels — usually their own labels! They make you buy 5, 6, or more records a year (at full price!) to fulfill your "obligation". And, if you forget to return their monthly card — they send you a record you don't want, and a bill for $5.00 or $6.00!

But Record Club of America Ends All That!

Now you can choose any LP... on any label. Take as many, or as few, or no records at all if you so decide. And you get discounts of at least 33⅓% — and often up to 75% — on every album! That means you buy all $3.79 and $3.98 LP's at $2.39; $4.79 and $4.98 LP's at $2.99; and $5.79 and $5.98 LP's at just $3.69, plus a small charge for postage and handling. To join, mail coupon with check or money order for $5. This entitles you to LIFETIME MEMBERSHIP in Record Club of America —and you never pay another club fee!

Look What You Get Immediately by Return Mail

(1) LIFETIME MEMBERSHIP CARD, which guarantees you LP albums at dealer cost... guarantees you discounts of at least 33⅓% — and as high as 75% — on every record you buy!

(2) FREE 300-page Schwann Catalog to pick your records from. The Schwann Catalog is an independent publication listing all LP's available. Over 300 different labels, over 30,000 albums.

(3) DISC®, the Club's FREE magazine which regularly supplements Schwann's listings and keeps you informed of extra money saving "double-discount" specials.

Your order is PROCESSED SAME DAY we get it! No long waits. No monthly cards to return, so you are never shipped unordered records. Every record GUARANTEED brand new, first quality, factory fresh! You must be completely satisfied—or every record fully returnable!

Money Back Guarantee

If you aren't convinced our discounts are as big as we say (check us to the penny on this!)... that our range of selections is the biggest anywhere (over 30,000 albums every month!)... or even if you've simply changed your mind—return all items within 10 days and your membership fee will be refunded promptly and in full!

Over 600,000 music lovers—plus leading schools, libraries and other budget-wise institutions—now save money this sensible way through the only record club with no strings attached! Join now and save. Mail coupon to: Record Club of America, 1285 East Princess Street, York, Pa. 17405.

Your membership entitles you to buy or offer gift memberships to friends, relatives, neighbors for only $2.50 each with full privileges. You can even split the total: Your membership and one gift membership divided equally brings the cost down to $3.75 each. The more gift members you get—the more you save! See coupon for your big savings.

RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA
1285 East Princess Street, X 857-C
York, Pennsylvania 17405

Yes! Send FREE Schwann Catalog, DISC®, and LIFETIME MEMBERSHIP CARD. Enclosed is $5, which entitles me to buy any LP in the Schwann Catalog or DISC® at discounts of at least 33⅓% and as high as 75%, plus a small postage and handling charge. I may take as many or as few, or no records at all. No yearly "quota". I may, for any reason, return items within 10 days for full refund of membership fee!

☐ Yes! Add _____ GIFT MEMBERSHIPS at $2.50 each to my request. Send to names and addresses on attached sheet.

I enclose $_____ covering my $5 lifetime membership and any gift memberships at $2.50 each.

Print
Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Over 600,000 enthusiastic members including schools, libraries and other institutions.

ALL ORDERS PROCESSED SAME DAY RECEIVED. ALBUMS COME TO YOU FACTORY FRESH. YOUR SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR ALL ALBUMS FULLY RETURNABLE.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED